THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

NEITHER parenthood nor education is a seasonal occupation, but September, when schools begin and children are being launched on the year's adventures, is a "peak time" for both jobs. This September Survey is therefore largely concerned with educational affairs, both inside and outside schoolhouse walls.

THE competition between the movies and the schools for the attention of children in a large American city and the responsibility of parents, teachers and community for what results, have been studied at first hand by F. ZETA YOUMANS, Director of the Child Labor Department of the Juvenile Protective Association, Chicago. Page 485.

A NEW ENGLANDER, a lawyer and a liberal, A. A. BERLE, JR., writes of the fate of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti out of a careful and consecutive study of the case, page 489.

WHAT happens in both home and school when public school teachers are trained in the principles and the techniques of the "new psychology" is described by ALFRED ADLER, M.D., page 490. Dr. Adler is a Viennese psychiatrist, author of Individual Psychology and founder of the famous behavior clinics in the public schools of Vienna.

THE child who is a leader may be a "neighborhood pest" or the chief prop of the teachers and parents of the community who strive to keep young people wholesome though happy. The perils and the possibilities of adolescent executive ability are set forth by MIRIAM VAN WATERS, Referee of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court, page 498. Her book, of which this article will form a chapter, is scheduled for October publication by the New Republic with the title Parents On Probation.

FORTY years ago, in the fall of 1887, PATTY SMITH HILL, Professor of Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University and Director of the Department of Kindergarten First Grade Education, began her career as a teacher in Louisville, Kentucky. In an interview, page 506, Miss Hill tells how the kindergartens and primary schools of the nineties developed into the present scientific study and education of children from two to eight years of age. It is the story of a new vision and a new spirit in education and it is, in part, the story of Patty Hill herself. Beulah Amidon is education editor of The Survey and in executive charge of this issue.

BEULAH WELDON served her apprenticeship as a social worker at the Henry Street Settlement. As executive secretary of the Intercollegiate Community Service Association, Miss Weldon has gathered the material for her article on the hows and whys of training for social work. Page 510.

ALL the illustrations in this issue are by one artist, RALPH M. PEARSON, and in one medium, open line pen-drawing, thus giving in the periodical a unified decorative scheme and a harmony between pictures and type more commonly attempted in books. By open line pen-drawing is meant a technique with white and black lines or spaces that are definite and considered, as they are in type. This experiment in unified treatment also means the emancipation of the picture from the illustration pigeon-hole. Mr. Pearson would have the artist thought of as an independent contributor whose function is two-fold: decoration, including lay-out and typography, and plastic interpretation of the subject matter which, instead of merely visualizing facts mentioned in the text presents a new and different viewpoint—the outlook of the artist who expresses himself through the medium of related lines, spaces, forms, tones and colors. Thus in this issue of The Survey the pictures do not confine themselves to the persons and situations described in the articles, but attempt to express independently the viewpoints and the implications of the underlying educational philosophy, so that their interpretative as well as their decorative qualities form an integral part of the magazine.

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A SCHOOL GIRL DREAMS

By Ralph M. Pearson, who has drawn all of the illustrations for this issue

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Opportunity Night

By F. ZETA YOUMANS

THE Kid Brother was the picture recently shown on a Saturday afternoon when children by the hundreds had been attracted to one of Chicago's new movie palaces by the advertisement of a Kiddies' Barrel of Fun. Every child who entered the theatre was given a large chocolate cream bar and a lottery ticket. Each child knew that the ticket gave him a possible chance to go on the stage at the close of the performance, thrust his hand into a huge covered barrel and carry away whatever prize he might grasp. Excitement ran high, for wonderful prizes had been hinted at, more numerous and much finer than those at the rival theatre, two blocks away.

And there was Harold Lloyd in a "funny." The Kid Brother shows the youngest brother in a family of five, snubbed and downtrodden by his father and three older brothers. The terrific events that establish the youngster as a peer of his burly relatives run like the horrors of a nightmare. The Kid Brother attempts to recover trust-money stolen from his father. The criminal and he are alone on a stranded wreck. Superhuman struggles have taken place. The money is in the hands of the hero when the criminal, intent on committing murder to regain it, creeps up behind the boy. The Kid Brother does not see or hear the killer. The hideous figure creeps nearer and nearer. All possible chance of escape seems gone. The suspense is unbearable. As one, the children respond to the nightmare of the picture as they would to an actual nightmare. The tense quiet of the theatre is ripped by prolonged and piercing screams.

There are three hundred and ten public schools in Chicago and three hundred and fifty theatres. With every means in their power, including brazen defiance of law, great moving picture theatre corporations are stimulating the attendance of children at unfit and illegal performances. Is the school or the movie going to be the more potent educational influence on the lives of Chicago children? It is a question that increasingly agitates the teachers and parents of this as of other American cities.

Like other commercial enterprises, theatrical entertainment has become highly competitive. The building of the great new motion picture houses has resolved itself into a careful calculation not only of present population to be entertained but of possible future population. At every important point of traffic intersection, even where the development has just begun, great new motion picture palaces have been built or are being built. In the meantime, there still exist the small neighborhood theatres which are driven into unequal and often losing competition with their magnificent rivals. To make this over-abundance of theatres pay, seating capacity for thousands upon thousands of people must be used over and over again, every day of the week.

The strain of competition has driven the theatres to devious methods of attracting crowds. Here in Chicago we have Popularity Contests, Bathing Girl Contests, Merchants' Gift Nights, Community Lamp Night, Silk Pillow Night, Purity Cake Night, Newly Wed Night, Surprise Night, Novelty Prize Night, Black Bottom and Charleston Contests, Dance Frolics, Non-Professional Revues, Juvenile Revues, Opportunity Night or Discovery Night, Super-Discovery Night, Kiddies Parties and Kiddies' Barrels of Fun.

MOST of these reflect the struggle of the smaller theatres to succeed, but the entertainment of children is a common ground upon which the theatres, great and small, meet in the competitive field. In this vast scheme for entertaining the public, children have acquired a double commercial value: on the stage as entertainers and in the seats as audience.

Among the special "matinees" and "nights" devoted wholly to the entertainment of children, the most popular at present are those known as the Barrel of Fun and Opportunity or Discovery Night. There is, however, one other method of attracting children which has been only

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moderately successful and needs mention because it has aroused bitter hostility on the part of the community. This is known as the Merchants' Ticket Plan by which a child may obtain a coupon of admission to the local theatre at any neighborhood store and enter the theatre at half price alone, or for nothing if accompanied by an adult, whom he may never have seen before. This resulted in so much truancy and even graver delinquencies that local groups have forced the theatres to give up the practice. The spectacular end of the scheme came not after appeal to the management, though this was tried again and again, but only when a police car drove up to the theatre and officers escorted to the police station, there to await their irate parents, scores of truants and a number of fourteen and fifteen-year-old boy and girl petting parties routed out of the more obscure seats.

Community protest against children's contests is not so easy to arouse, for adults as well as children are attracted by the child performers. So, under whatever name the contests may be advertised, the result is the same. On Contest or Opportunity or Discovery Night the theatre is crowded and the audience is about equally divided between adults and children. Frequently the foyer is packed with people waiting for the second performance.

Inside the theatre the picture comes to a happy end, the orchestra, or piano, or organ, closes its popular accompaniment with a flourish, the silver screen is rolled away and as the curtains part a short, stout, smug-looking gentleman makes his appearance amid a general bustle and whispering among the children who fill the front of the house. Before he has called a coy and somewhat husky, "Hello, children! Here I am," the contestants have begun to make their way down the dark aisles and up the stairs leading from orchestra to stage. Across the stage they file, a long line of children ready to compete for the cash prizes that the contest director is conspicuously counting from one hand to the other in crisp new one-dollar bills. Then there comes the pantomime of counting the children and doing some very obvious mental arithmetic, and finally the director announces the results: "First prize five dollars, second prize four dollars . . ."

At this moment another contestant makes his appearance. He is carried down the aisle and up the steps in the arms of his mother and set tipsily upon the stage in the glare of the footlights amid the uproarious laughter of the audience. He is a boy two and a half years old, his fat legs encased in the briefest of trousers, his fat little body in the reddest of sweaters. Abe, the director, senses the amusement of the audience. He presents a single finger to the baby and guides his somewhat uncertain steps to the waiting row of contestants, where he takes his place with a comprehensive grin that includes the audience and the children with equal confidence.

"Four dollars first prize, three dollars second prize, two dollars third prize, and one dollar for each of the others," concludes Abe, "let's go!" And at his signal, the first child comes forward with a piece of much worn music in her hand and whispers her act and musical requirements to Abe. The music is handed to the pianist in the orchestra with a request for three verses and chorus. The music starts and the first child is on her way to success or failure at the judgment of the audience:

She is a dark little child of five, now an old hand at contests and used to hilarious popularity. She is dressed in a huge gold picture-hat, a scant black and gold ballet skirt, scanter trunks and a gold ribbon or two to keep her baby body from complete exposure. She begins by crouching down close to the footlights, stretching out her baby arms and singing in a hard, strained, but telling voice:

Gim-me a little kiss, will ya, huh?
What are ya gonna miss, will ya, huh?
Gosh! O Gee! Why do you refuse?
I can't see what you've got to lose;
Aw, gimme a little squeeze, will ya, huh?
Why do you wanna make me blue?
I wouldn't say a word if I were askin' for the world,
But what's a little kiss between a feller and his girl?
Aw, gimme a little kiss, will ya, huh?
And I'll give it right back to you.

Gimme a little kiss, will ya, huh?
Must I go on like this, will ya, huh?
Once again a plea I'm gonna make,
Tell me when do I get a break!
Aw, say that you're givin' in, will ya, huh?
Anything that you ask, I'll do—
I'll take you for a buggy ride, where we can be alone,
And once you kiss me, you will never think of walking home;
Aw, gimme a little kiss, will ya, huh?
Or I'll steal about ten from you.

Gimme a little coat, will ya, huh?
Sable or mink or goat, will ya, huh?
My poor hand is bare as anything—
I could stand a bracelet or a ring;
Aw, gimme a little car, will ya, huh?
That would be mighty nice to do,
A Packard or a Lincoln or a Cadillac sedan,
I'll even take a Rolls and you can add a chauffeur man,
But don't you give me a Ford, will ya, huh?
Or I'll give it right back to you.

SHE sings with suggestive gestures and winks that set the audience into roars of laughter. When she has finished her song she begins an acrobatic dance, well interspersed with shimmying and shaking of her tiny body. She is a born performer. She has learned so well how to take her applause and how to play up any particular trick to catch applause that she might be twenty-five instead of five years old. She backs to her place in line, throwing kisses and making the latest bows, both knees bent till she almost squats on the stage. The audience greets her skill with shouts and applause.

The long performance continues. The baby boy gets tired, begins to cry noisily and is carried off the stage to his disgruntled mother amid the joyous demonstration of the audience; whatever the children do is entertainment.

There is great similarity

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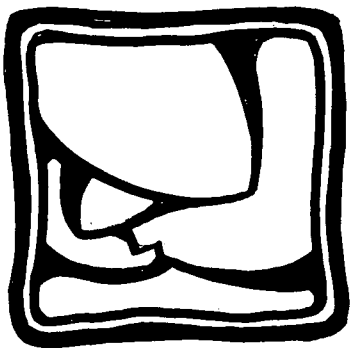
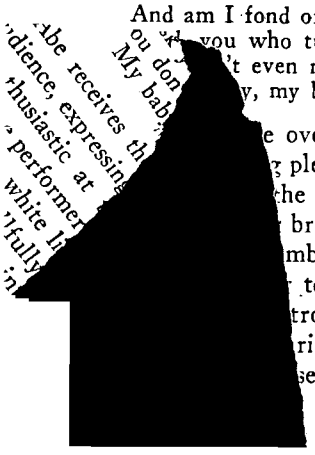
of effort among the contestants, for each child has to do all of the stunts, like the regular vaudeville performer. It is seldom enough to dance, or to sing, only. One must both dance and sing and even play a musical instrument. And if one dances, it is absolutely necessary to do some acrobatic feat. So sometimes two children perform almost identically, even using the same song. Some of them can neither sing nor dance, although they make strenuous efforts to do both.

BUT there are high lights. A little girl, probably eight years old, has been restlessly standing first on one foot, then on the other. She holds around her shoulders a shrouding cape. Suddenly Abe signals her. She lets her cape slip to the floor, creating an obvious sensation in the audience. The children gasp with envious admiration. What little she has on is bright red silk, trimmed half in gold and half in silver. There is a slender gold cord around her throat which holds up the waist of her costume. It begins in a point at the neck in front and spreads out to her waist in an inverted V-shaped affair that just covers her childish bosom. Her back is nude to the waist. Her trunks are the briefest possible. Her arms and legs are bare. She wears scarlet slippers. Her hair is bleached to an unnatural yellow. She is powdered and rouged out of all semblance to childhood. She asks for the song, My Baby Knows How, and there is not a suggestive line in the song that does not receive its due gesture or wink or grimace. As she sings the chorus she addresses the line, "My baby, my baby knows how!" to Abe, the director, changing the wording to, "My baby, *that* baby knows how!" and the pronouns to masculine gender.



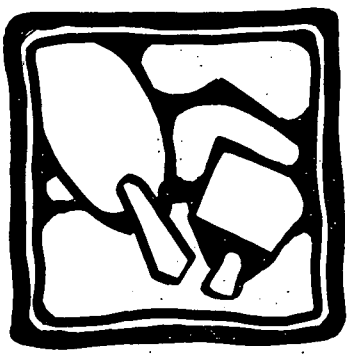
Who knows how to say I love you,
How to make 'm jealous of you?
My baby, my baby knows how!
Who has taught me what real bliss is,
Who knows how to feed me kisses,
My baby, my baby knows how!

She's got that way, that certain way, Hey,
You know what I mean.
And am I fond of her, say I love her, and how!
ou [illegible] you who turns "nos" right into "yeses"?
My don[illegible]'t even need three guesses,
[illegible]y, my baby knows how!



[illegible]e overture with appropriate asides to the [illegible]z pleasure and anticipation. The audience [illegible]he close of the song. Then the little [illegible] breaks into a dance. It is Black Bottom. [illegible]mbs are straddled and bowed, her body [illegible] to the ugly rhythms of the dance and [illegible]troduction of muscle vibration of her [illegible]rings down the house in a roar of [illegible]se. She is a huge success. She will [illegible] prize.

[illegible] line. Joey is a great favorite. He He is dressed in long, wide black trousers and a white satin shirt like a professional man dancer. He is a whirlwind. Back and forth across the stage he flashes in stunt after stunt. He does them all. Handsprings, back somersaults, Russian dance, the split, but everything he does has some little original turn to it that makes it particularly Joey's. Suddenly, when he seems to have reached the point of exhaustion, he runs to the side of the stage, stands on his head and spins like a top, whirling completely around three times and letting his tiny body fall with a thump on the stage. When he reaches the opposite side of the stage for his final spin and fall, he strikes the wing of the scenery before his body reaches the floor. As he takes his bow amid the vociferous applause of the audience, he presses a handkerchief to his nose to keep the blood from soiling his pretty white silk shirt. Abe jokes about the nose-bleed, and like the rest of the performance, the audience takes it as a part of the entertainment and laughs and applauds.



There are other performers. There is a little girl dressed in a blue serge school dress with white underskirt and panties—the most unsophisticated looking child on the stage. Some one has taught her a vampire dance. She does it crudely, but in the middle of her dance, clutches her stomach with both hands and goes through some utterly indecent shimmying. The audience has been bored by her performance at first. It is not bored now. It explodes into boisterous laughter in which the voices of men predominate.

Among the contestants is a little girl who dances a clog dance with great skill. The audience appreciates her work. There is a boy who sings a delightful song in a clear, well trained voice. The audience likes his singing and begins a generous round of applause, but Abe cuts in, taps the boy on the shoulder and sends him back to line with only a part of the appreciation that was his due.

After an hour's program, the children have all competed and step forward to the front of the stage for the awarding of the prizes.

ABE holds the money for the first prize in his hand over the head of each child in turn and says, "Now, let's go!" The audience applauds for its favorites and slowly the children are selected for first, second and third prizes. Sometimes it is extremely confusing. Abe does not seem to hear well. No matter how hard the audience applauds for one child, the test is made over and over again until the weight of the applause seems to go to a different child. So the little bleached burlesque dancer received first prize, Joey second, Baby Eleanor third, and the clever little clog dancer took her single dollar with all of the other unsuccessful children. Then Abe announces that the second contest will take place at 9:30 and that all of the children who competed at the first performance will be eligible for the second.

There may be ten other theatres on the same night giving Juvenile Contests or Discovery Nights. Tomorrow night and on through the week there will be others, and the same children, and many more, will travel night after night about the city to compete for the cash prizes. They perfo

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at least twice a night. Their last performance is seldom over before 10:30 and they may have to travel the length of the city before they can go to bed. The next day, if they are over six, they must get up in time for school.

Not the least evil of these performances is the type of song the children sing. One of the crudest of these songs was heralded by a certain music house as so indecent as to be barred from their lists. It is called How Could Red Riding Hood and involves not only that heroine of the fairy tale but the beloved Cinderella and Goldilocks as well in such lines as:

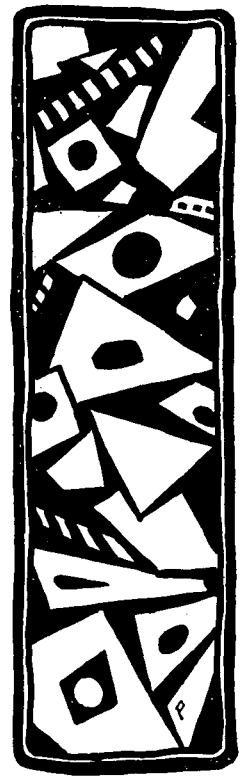
They say she found a wolf in Granny's bed
A big sunbonnet pulled over his head,
But you know and I know what she found instead.
How could Red Riding Hood have been so very good
And still keep the wolf from the door?

and

They've read of Cinderella and Goldilocks and such,
Some stories tell them oodles and some don't tell them much.

and

They say she had a head full of curls,
She was the nicest of all nice girls,
But you know and I know what girls do for pearls.



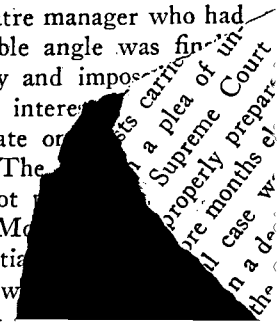
Although these children's contests attract adults as well as children, the latter attend the first performances of the evening in unusually large numbers. Sometimes in the smaller theatres the audience will be three-fourths children, most of them under fourteen years of age. As a fitting accompaniment to the sophisticated performances given by the children themselves, the picture that happens to be running for the week is shown. That it is wholly unfitted for children makes no difference. So the youngsters are enlightened by such pictures as The Marriage Whirl, Altars of Desire, God Gave Me Twenty Cents, Flaming Passion, Sin Cargo, The Temptress, and When London Sleeps. In a review of the last named picture, a popular Chicago newspaper expressed regret that Rin Tin Tin, whom the children love, should have been cast in a picture too frightful for children to see. Yet this very picture was shown on a contest night with five hundred children in the audience; many of them were literally hysterical before that inexcusable film came to an end. One has only to sit observant of the reactions of these child audiences to refute the statement that the unfit pictures of adult crime and delinquency go over the heads of children.

COMMERCIAL interest has seized upon childhood as a source of financial gain in these exploited child performers and these child audiences. In both instances, every accepted standard of education and training is thrown to the winds. If dancing teachers and theatre managers had the good of the children at heart, they would confess to parents of child performers that the exhausting [illegible] and the straining of young voices to fill the theatres much [illegible] re much likely to future "stardom." In place of simple living, wholesome play, well chosen stories, reasonable hours of going to bed, the movies give the children sophistication, emotional stimulation, false ideals of living, nervous excitement and late hours, together with initiation into adult indulgences of crime and passion.

So far there has been little scientific check made on the results to children of such unnatural stimulation. Teachers from every part of Chicago have testified that it is impossible to secure the attention of children who have been to the movies the night before. So clear-cut has this evidence become that a campaign of education for mothers has been carried on throughout the city with the slogans, "No Movies on School Nights," "No Movies Unless you Know the Picture," "No Movies without an Adult." This is the most successful plan that has so far been found to oppose the allurement that the theatres broadcast by advertisement, by handbills and by screen announcements to attract children.

The child labor law in substance prohibits the employment of every child under sixteen in a theatre or place of amusement after six P. M. But while the inspectors have the power to inspect and to file cases they have no power, says the attorney general, in an unofficial opinion, to remove the children from their illegal employment. Even when cases are filed the children may continue to appear for a week or more, and the theatre management cheerfully pays a meagre fine for the privilege of having made use of the children. Nor does this law in any way apply to the contests. These have been decided by test cases to be outside the restrictions of the child labor law, since they are competitive and the children are not paid a definite sum. (Nevertheless, the prize money is always divided so that every child gets at least a dollar.)

The contests do, however, come under the provisions of a statute of the criminal code which, with the exception of church and school entertainments, makes it a criminal offence for any person to allow a child under fourteen to be employed in a list of prohibited occupations which includes public dancing, singing, playing on musical instruments, etc. This law may be enforced by any one, so it is enforced by no one. It has, however, been tested in the case of the contests. An offending theatre manager who had been appealed to from every imaginable angle was fin[illegible] arrested. The judge found him guilty and impos[illegible] of one hundred dollars. The theatre intere[illegible] case to the Supreme Court of the state or[illegible] constitutionality. Months elapsed. The[illegible] could not act because the case was not [illegible] It was taken to the Appellate Court. Mo[illegible] until a year had passed since the initia[illegible] The Appellate Court finally handed dow[illegible] the defendant, who was ordered to pay [illegible] dred dollars. This he did, but he contir



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Commonwealth *vs.* Sacco and Vanzetti

By A. A. BERLE, JR.

THE climax of the *cause célèbre* which has commanded world-wide attention through the life struggle of Sacco and Vanzetti is heavy with great tragedy. Few words will here suffice to sum up a case to review which books have been written. Like all tragedies it is fraught with pity and fear; at best, one may only hope for purification.

Sacco and Vanzetti were tried for killing a Braintree paymaster, at a time when passion against radical thought ran supremely high, and when prejudice against their theory of life was pumped into public consciousness by the very government of the United States. Through error of trial counsel, this issue was injected into the proceeding, when the prisoners' fear of a Mitchell Palmer raid was brought in to explain suspicious acts of theirs after the killing. The prosecution made full use of the prejudice. The presiding judge has been accused by reputable people of yielding to it; the whole result was clouded with this mist. A jury found the men guilty of murder.

Massachusetts law, through an odd trick of legal history, permits no review of the facts as well as the law; and the Supreme Judicial Court held, and rightly, that no technical error had been committed at the trial. It did not and could not support the verdict, but decided merely that no technical right of the accused had been violated in reaching it. The death sentence was then imposed by the trial judge.

There followed a legal battle in which the prisoners had the benefit of exceptionally able counsel, and availed themselves of every known constitutional device to secure delay, review and freedom. These failing, the Governor of Massachusetts himself undertook to review the evidence, and appointed an impartial commission consisting of President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University, President Samuel W. Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Judge Robert Grant to make an independent examination. All four men came separately to the conclusion that the evidence warranted the verdict of guilty. The Governor accordingly declined to act. The last pitiful legal devices are being called into play to secure delay. If these too are futile, the condemned men will die.

It cannot be said that opportunity was denied the men to prove their case. It can be said that a cloud was raised at the time when innocence could best be shown, and that review six years after the event is doubtful grace, though better than none. It can be said that certain elements throughout the world who fasten on causes of disorder as occasions for stimulating a class war which America does not want, stiffened, by their advocacy, whatever passion there may have been against the two radicals. By endeavoring to make the case a pawn in the game of world revolution, they made martyrs—and betrayed the men. It can be said that many thinking people resented the attack upon the courts, and hoped execution of the sentence would serve somehow as vindication. It can also be said that many careful and serious students, and many wholly sincere minds, irrespective of liberal or conservative sentiment, and without political afterthought, felt and still feel guilt was so doubtful, even after all examination by jury, governor and commissioners, that the execution should not proceed. And an issue which should have been closed may remain open in many minds to the end of time.

SEPARATE and distinct from all else, there is raised the issue of capital punishment. One remembers Dreyfus; tried, found guilty, condemned; again tried by an alleged impartial court, again found guilty; yet events proved him innocent in the end. Dreyfus lives. Death is the one human penalty beyond repair. Aside from the merits of the Massachusetts case, this parallel is too vivid to be overlooked.

And beyond the present moment, it may be said:

Whoever uses this case as an excuse to further political controversy, be it under the White flag or the Red, thereby weakens the State, traduces whatever rights of memory the condemned men have, and allies himself with the worst element, whether radical or conservative.

Whoever in office or out inspires or assists another such reign of hysteria as that prevailing in 1921, weakens the State, undermines its justice and allies himself with terrorism, whether Fascist or anarchist.

Whoever, having in charge as lawyer, judge or executive, the legal machinery of the State, fails to develop to the utmost safeguards of review, ramparts against prejudice, and perfection of impartiality, weakens the State and lays every thinking man open to danger in those times when controversy runs high and the State's justice is its greatest bulwark.

Whoever most deeply believes wrong has been done, must be most ready to forgive. No hope for humanity has ever grown to flower from a soil of hatred.

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A Doctor Remakes Education

By ALFRED ADLER, M.D.

FOR thirty years I have been training teachers to look at their work with the eyes of a physician and to graft onto their work the physician's technique. As I look back, I see most clearly of all, the place of vantage the physician occupies as a teacher. He is outside the friction and difficulties of both home and school. He brings to both not only his special knowledge but also the careful, patient scientific attitude and method, which are even more important in dealing with human behavior than with the behavior of laboratory test tubes or microscope slides. The work my assistants and I have done in some public schools of Vienna has proved what collaboration between teachers and psychiatrically trained physicians can achieve.

Perhaps no country had more discouraging schools than Austria under the old *regime*. Public schools are always the reflection of the government that establishes and maintains them. Enlightened private schools can only modify this governmental influence to a degree, but in the Austrian Empire most of the non-public schools were established by religious groups and were in their way as rigid as the state supported institutions.

When I was a little boy our Austrian school expressed perfectly the government's ideal of citizenry unquestioningly obedient to bureaucratic officialdom. I had to sit quiet, my hands folded on the table. I was not allowed to move. My duty was to obey orders, and to be meticulously respectful toward the teacher and toward the government he represented. I had had a free childhood at home. In this I differed from many of my schoolmates and so perhaps I felt repression the more acutely. I know now as I knew when I was a boy, that I was not a "bad" child. I was never a liar, I did not steal, I went to school regularly in spite of my intense dislike for it, I worked conscientiously, and I was an average student. Yet I always had the worst report in the class because of my mark in "morals." I could not fit myself to the approved mold; I could not create the impression of servile obedience which was the school's ideal—and so I was "bad."

The public schools of Austria were established in 1866, after the disastrous war between Germany and Austria. Austria was convinced that it was the Prussian schoolmaster who won that war. The Austrian schoolmaster was, accordingly, to rear up in our country a generation with Prussian ideals and "efficiency."

The government's only good influence on education was in the direction of improved vocational courses. Even this was not wholly a matter of governmental policy. Industrial groups demanded better technical training to keep pace with Austria's growing factory enterprise, and the school's first break with the rigidly academic tradition was due to the power of industry rather than to the foresight of the state. Compulsory education in Austria between the ages of six and fourteen also resulted from labor-liberal-socialist pressure, which forced the measure as a relief for employed minors.

But in spite of the efforts of labor and liberals, the school system remained fundamentally the expression of the government's ideal; obedient children, to be made into obedient officials and an obedient army. I have seldom met an Austrian of my generation in whose heart the grade school had not stirred hatred and rebellion.

When I became a physician, I realized what this meant in terms of human life, what the influence of such a warped, repressed childhood was on intelligence, courage, self-confidence, independence. It seemed to me that only the physician's skill and outlook would transform these school-prisons into a scheme of real education. In 1898 I wrote my first article developing my idea of the relation between medicine in the larger sense and the school. I had just begun an intensive study of psychology and psychotherapy, in which progress was then being made in France as well as in Vienna.

A little later I received a teaching appointment in the extension division of the

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University (Volksheim). Gradually I gathered a large body of students who worked with me on problems of human behavior. In connection with this class I carried on a little clinic, in which I invited the schools to participate, and though there was almost no response at first, I kept urging teachers to come to me with retarded children or children who had emotional difficulties, and talk over their cases with me. I had reached certain conclusions in my private practice to which I wished to give wider application.

I had learned that it is not true that a child's intelligence is constant throughout life. Characteristics of both child and adult can be modified. I also discovered that though most of the mistakes which later appear in the child as behavior problems are made in the home, it is almost impossible to see these faults against the background out of which they arise. In a new environment, such as the school, the mistakes of the home become clear. For instance, a child may have innumerable fears, but at home he is so thoroughly "taken care of" that none of them comes to the surface. Let me give an example:

IF I lock the doors of the room where I am sitting, and if there are two friendly watch dogs to guard those doors and a couple of police officers right at hand, I can walk around and say quite calmly that I have no physical fear. I am not trembling, my heartbeat is regular—I have no symptom of terror. My statement is true. In this locked and guarded room I am in a sheltered situation where I can play quite splendidly the part of a man of courage. But if I am alone on a deserted street at night, or if I see a little child in sudden peril—under circumstances calling, not for an *appearance* of courage but for a courageous impulse and act, the genuineness of this courage of mine will appear. And so it is with the child. If he is away from home, if the sense of sheltering protection is decreased, it becomes possible to see him as he really is.

Thirty years ago I had begun to realize this, and so I invited the teachers to come and work with me, that we might learn together how to give children the vital educational experiences that would counteract home failures.

In the beginning there was no general interest in such ideas. Once in a while teachers came to me, or children with teachers or even an occasional parent. But it was only a small beginning and a very unsatisfactory one. To help the children by this plan meant singling out every father and mother in the land and teaching them to make their individual homes fit the needs of their particular children. Through the school I could reach hundreds of children at once. Out of the discouraging futility of my first tiny clinic was born the plan to teach the teachers, to give them an understanding of character through psychology and to give them also the use of the psychologist's simple, sensible tools for helping to adjust the child and his environment.

Then came the War, postponing all my plans. During the War the old Austrian government crashed down and thereafter Vienna became a very free place. The city's new socialistic government insisted that, since the Austrian ideal had changed, the Austrian schools as an expression of the national ideal must also change. A teacher, Mr. Gloeckel, formulated a school plan based on the belief that freedom and self-confidence should be the aims of education under the new order. Through such public school experience, he argued, children would develop a social sense and the capacity for group leadership. His plan was accepted and so, from the purely educational approach, he opened the door which made my work possible.

The Director of Schools in the new Vienna, Mr. Gloeckel, was interested in what I was trying to do. There was a surprising degree of interest among the teachers. I discovered that in the old days many of them had stayed from my clinic and classes because they were afraid the government officials did not approve my ideas. In the two years since the War, I have been able to establish twenty-two mental hygiene clinics for public school children. The twenty-two clinical directors are all my pupils, physicians trained as psychologists and educators. Our clinical service is similar to that in hospitals and dispensaries, where the medical student learns by doing. In recent years, many physicians have come to us from other countries to work with us. Each clinic is held once a week for two hours, usually with only two or three children at each session. It is work which must not be hurried, and we cannot afford a large staff and equipment. All the clinics are voluntarily supported. In the beginning this was an advantage because it made us independent of governmental influence, but now our work is established it is almost time for the public to take it over and enlarge it.

Simultaneously with the establishment of the clinics the seriously retarded children, the feeble-minded, the stuttering, and those with imperfect sense organs were taken out of the regular classes and grouped by themselves, under a plan worked out by the board of education. Thus in the public school we were dealing only with the physically and mentally "normal" child. Such behavior problems as arose among them were due, not to a defect in the child, but to defects in his method of life.

The teachers formed an organization in which they analyzed the cases of children they wished to bring to my attention or place under the care of my clinical assistants.

AT first I was under the impression that I must learn how to talk to teachers, parents and to children. I was afraid neither the teacher nor the parent could be trusted to find the right words or the right approach, and so I talked separately with each child, with his teacher and with his parents. But presently I found that treating the child as part of his group was often very effective. It made the children realize that "no man liveth unto himself alone," and that the mistakes of every individual affect many lives and are of public concern. The boys and girls could be brought to see themselves as social beings, not as isolated units, but as essential parts of the social whole. Often I talked with the child as though I did

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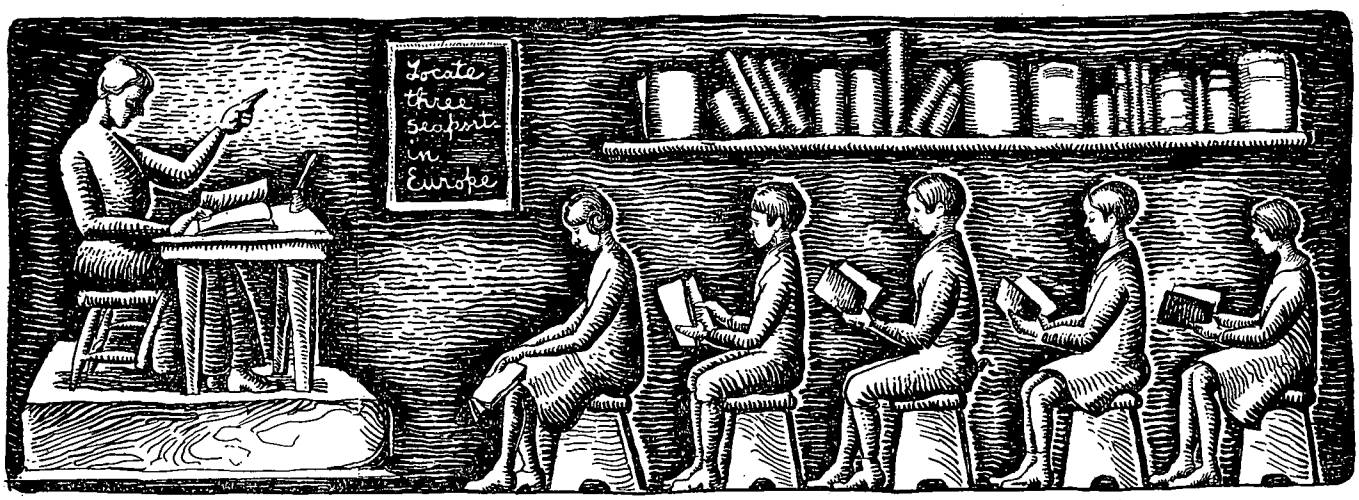

not know in what way he had failed, because I had gone into the details with the teacher and the parents.

In other cases, I find it necessary to put his problem clearly before the child himself, not to humiliate him but to make him understand why he is lazy or cowardly or behind in his work, as a shop teacher might show a boy how to repair a machine by pointing out the maladjustment that keeps it from working properly.

I often find children "spoiled" for school life because the mother has done too much for them. She has made them believe that they can shirk and dawdle and bluff their way out of real work everywhere as they do at home. Frequently I ask a boy, "How long would it take a clever chap to change his habits, to learn to work alone, without stealing the time of his teacher and his schoolmates?" He is almost sure to answer, "One day." Then I stimulate him by pretending incredulity: "Oh, no," I say, "that is impossible. Why, it would take me at least fourteen days to change my work habits. Surely, no mere boy could do it in one day!" "I bet I could if I wanted to," he boasts. "I'll prove it, too." Then I propose that he come to me in a fortnight and tell me whether or not he has made good his boast. Now he has a goal. It is only a little step, perhaps, but it is a definite objective toward which to direct his effort.

AGAIN, I often make use of classrooom work to help a child find a way out of his difficulties, or sometimes to give the teacher a clearer insight into the lives of his pupils. Sometimes I set a whole class the task of writing on "How Can I Be Useful?" This turns their minds from destructive or meaningless channels toward constructive activity. If a child has stolen, I usually assign his class the theme, "Why Is Stealing Useless?" It is much more helpful to see theft as a stupid waste of time than as an infringement of an arbitrary code.

When there is a child who is blocked by fear, the whole class may be asked to write on "What I Am Afraid Of—and Why?" This gives the teacher a chance to talk about the origins of fear and its effects. In these compositions the children often make clear their whole behavior pattern, conditioned by fears many of which they have carried over from babyhood, and so give the teacher and parents fresh insight that enables them to help the children free themselves from these emotional shackles. "What I Want to Become in the Future" makes the child look at his own life, and helps the teacher see the pupil as he sees himself.

If I become puzzled to know what lies behind a child's behavior I sometimes propose that each member of the class set down "The First Thing I Remember." These first memories have often exerted startling influences; sometimes, as we find in dealing with adults, one can explain the entire course of a man's life from that man's first memory.

I REMEMBER Josef, whose teacher brought him to me saying, "Here is a hopelessly spoiled child." Josef was not only a persistent truant, but had been frequently detected in theft. We suggested that Josef write me a story about "My First Memory." He had been sent for a newspaper by his father. Instead of buying the paper he ran away to his uncle's house and begged for some cakes which he took home to his mother. His mother shared the sweets with him, calling him her "dear, thoughtful darling." From this clue we worked out the pattern: we saw how he had turned from his father to his mother, how his mother encouraged him in this, and how all his mistakes were based on this failure in home management. This was, indeed, the situation, and once we understood it we could help the boy

Occasionally I discuss his mistakes with a child if I can do it without humiliating him. I always try to be very careful in such a case and to move slowly, watching the effect of everything I say. Sometimes the teacher and I are equally surprised by the results. There was one child who had not spoken to his teacher for two years. The teacher made an elaborate explanation, adding, "Joachim will never talk to you—there is no way to reach him." Yet the boy voluntarily came and spoke to me, and was plainly glad to It was obvious, after a brief conversation, that the lad fel repressed at home and even more so at school. The teacher was impatient with him and created an atmosphere in which he could not grow naturally. The more I talked with Joachim, the more certain I became that the teacher wa guilty of even more serious mismanagement than I had a first suspected. "Have you whipped this child?" I asked "You know that is not allowed." But it would do no good to make trouble for the teacher. The only hope for Joachim was to make the teacher realize that there was an easier way to deal with the boy. "This child's confidence must be won," I suggested. "We must bring him to a true attitude toward the school and toward himself. We can never do this as long as he is terrified and repressed. We must not only not beat him—we must be actively kind and sympathetic toward him." When the boy realized tha

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things were not to be as they had been, he voluntarily broke his brooding silence. But that was only the beginning. After a long and delicate process, Joachim developed courage and self-confidence, and was helped into normal contacts with other children. The last is always the most important phase of any behavior situation. The mistakes of problem children, of criminals, of neurotic children and neurotic adults, are invariably the results of social maladjustment. Such people, finding no place for themselves in the world of reality, make for themselves a world of their own.

Berta, for instance, tells me that when she is going to sleep she sees plumed knights and ladies in trailing velvet, the cold, proud face of Elizabeth of England, the warm beauty of the Trojan Helen—numberless faces and figures out of the long ago. Suffering from depression and other nervous symptoms, she looks for relief in another age because nothing in her world interests her. This is the real reason why our problem children become criminals, neurotics, suicides. This lack of social feeling is linked with lack of courage. If I do not feel at home in the world I am not brave; I am living in an enemy country, too beset with fears to develop courage.

I have never known a child who could not understand his difficulties when they were set before him. If I find a child who fails to follow me as I trace the roots of his mistakes, I can always be sure that I have blundered either in interpreting his situation or in describing it to him. Every normal child is capable of fathoming the springs of his own action and reaching a true understanding of his own life.

TO begin with I carried this clinical work almost alone. Gradually I have trained a corps of assistants who can do it fully as well as I. When I commenced my work I found that a good many teachers were under the impression that only schoolmasters know how to educate. At the same time, they were unwilling, and, though they did not realize it, unprepared to be real educators; that is, to further the development of the whole child. Their only interest was in teaching curricular subjects, maintaining discipline and making out reports. Indeed, many teachers actively resented my offer to show them a new and better way to go about their work. Even those who were mildly interested often complained that they had so much to do, with thirty or forty pupils under their care, that they could not give individual attention to each child. Little by little they began to realize that what I taught them, far from being an added burden, greatly lightened their load. Looking at a boy or girl with the eyes of a trained psychologist they were able to see the real child in a quarter of an hour, to find a key to the child's family life, and to appraise the part of home environment in determining character.

THEN, here in one school, there in another, a teacher began to put into practice what I had taught him, the results excited the interest of other teachers in the same school. Difficulties they could not meet, we could, because we understood the children. Sometimes teachers who came to our clinics to criticize our methods remained to listen and to learn. My attitude toward teachers visiting the clinics, whatever their point of view, was always one of friendliness. I talked about school matters with them and tried to point out that the behavior difficulties that made their work so hard all had another side; they were seldom the fault of the school or of inheritance but mistakes made in building up the style of life. Then I tried to make clear to them that, for this very reason, the school was the only place where these children, freed for a little time from the home influences, could be studied and helped.

Gloeckel's efforts in the school reform gave more and more opportunities to unite parents and teachers in the work of education. He understood what I was trying to do and some of his assistants were former pupils of mine or recognized my efforts. An organization of parents and teachers was formed, before which both home and school problems could be discussed.

In Vienna, as in all great cities, there are districts where almost every child is a problem child. But even in some Viennese school districts which were once honeycombed with gangs and where all sorts of juvenile delinquency—truancy, lying, stealing, sexual abnormality—constantly occurred, everything began to change. All the former difficulties, which were due to faulty attitudes toward children both at home and at school, have disappeared. The effect of our work was so striking that the teachers went to the Board of Education without my knowledge and asked for my appointment as a teacher in the Pedagogical Institute of Vienna, in which teachers for the city schools are trained. The Board of Education agreed and for three years I have lectured to the teachers-in-training on problem

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children. There have come into my classes more than six hundred public school teachers, a great part of the present teaching staff in the schools of Vienna.

I believe we can solve the problem of criminality only through such work as is done in these clinics. The roots of criminality are always in the first childhood. Looking at a four or five-year-old child, no one can truly say, "This child is going to become a criminal." But it may be said, "Here are tendencies developing which will make this child a criminal in certain situations, if they are not checked." The problem is to avert this development and so minimize the possibility that the child will in adult life commit crime or develop neurosis. Both theory and experience convince me that a child's school life will accentuate bad tendencies only if the child has lost faith in his future. My goal has been to make the school strengthen the child's belief in himself and in life.

I have talked with many delinquent children and with many criminals. I invariably find that people deviate from the useful way of life because they have lost their courage. It is possible to make children see that the great criminals—murderers, highwaymen, robbers—are in reality cowards. So, in the same sense, are those who commit suicide. The only way the child can get this point of view is through the schools. No psychologist, no physician, no clinic can reach every child individually. But the school is the center where all children may be trained in right attitudes. Perhaps in spite of the wise teacher's best efforts the abnormal and feeble-minded may persist in crime. But these are diseased personalities. They must be treated separately, for their own sakes as well as for the safety of society. Normal children trained in our ways laugh at the idea of an intelligent person committing crime, or even taking part in gang activities! They know the meaning of the other way, of the high road of usefulness. Our work has results as far flung as human life itself.

I am thinking of a boy whose life I touched through one of our clinics. He was known as the worst pupil in his school. At thirteen, besides being a truant and a thief, he was called a "corrupt influence" among his schoolmates. No child could have made a worse beginning at the business of living. His mistakes were appalling. But his new teacher, who was a pupil of mine, became very suspicious of the genuineness of his depravity. One day he asked this sinner, "Fritz, what do you do with the things you steal?" "I give them to the other boys," said Fritz. "And why do you do that?" "To make them like me. They won't play with me because I am so dumb, and because I'm such a bad lot." The boy had been trying to bribe his way into popularity, to buy companionship. Now when the teacher, who consulted me about the case, told me that the boy was starved for warmth and appreciation, I wondered whether there was not something behind this desire for approbation. "Fritz," I said to him, "were you always this sort of a boy?" "No," he replied quickly, "the first three years I was in school I was a good boy. But not after that, not after we got Mr. H——— (a former teacher). He always had it in for me." Here was the problem with Fritz: he could be "good" only in an atmosphere of approval. The first three years of school life he had had a kind and gentle teacher and he had been a good boy. But he could only live conditionally in our world. Lacking an environment of warmth and love and appreciation, he became a "problem" to himself and to society. The same factor conditioned his truancy. We discovered that when he ran off in the night he gathered firewood and put it outside the kitchen door for his mother. They were poor people, and firewood was always needed. He was trying by this means too to make his mother think of him and love him. It was the school's business to get this boy back on the right road. That was quite simple, when we understood what lay behind his boyish crimes. If we wanted a normal boy instead of a truant and a thief, we must give him friends, and surround him with affection and approval. It is always easy to get children's cooperation in such an undertaking. The teacher suggested that one or two schoolmates invite Fritz to study his lessons with them That was the first step. The teacher realized that it was not a matter of a week or two and gave the boy time. He devised special assignments for him and warmly praised every sign of progress. The parents were made to understand the situation. The mother became more openly interested in her son, the father stopped scolding and punishing. Eventually, this boy became one of the best students in the public schools of Vienna.

WITH some children we find that the release of the creative impulse is all they need to set them in a useful way of life. The impulse to make and to do is deep in all of us. In many cases, the expression of that impulse works miracles. We found, for instance that every child can become a painter, can learn the meaning and value of line and space and color as a mode of expression, even though they are not greatly talented. Cizek believes that every child has within him an artist, and the results that Cizek gets from his classes, in the work the children accomplish and in the development through their work, show that under a wise teacher this holds great educational truth. I have known adults who learned to model in clay, to make beautiful things and to strengthen their personalities through the

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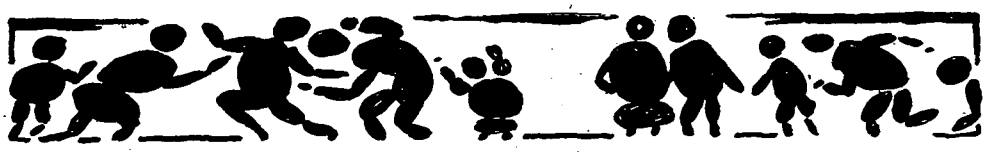

The Child Who Is a Leader

By MIRIAM VAN WATERS

THE night clerk of the hotel has been summoned to court and is annoyed. What are all these women fussing about? "Yes, Miss Johnson came to my hotel. No I didn't know she was having boys in her room. I can't watch the company of tenants." It irritates him to answer useless questions and to realize that all the adults in the court think he is a guilty person. And so he is, on two counts. First under the law which declares that any adult who commits any act or omits the performance of any duty, which causes or tends to cause a person under twenty-one to come before the Juvenile Court may be charged with contributing to the delinquency of a minor. Second, under the ancient law of witches—for we still believe in witches—we must find and punish the person who is responsible for our troubles.

But why did Miss Johnson—who is Elsie Johnson, just fifteen—go to the hotel?

The question arises, at what point shall we stop in the long chain of cause and effect? Is there something in Elsie's family life that makes her susceptible to the allurements of a cheap rooming house? Her mother cannot understand it. "She always took my judgment in everything, even about her clothes, until she met Bertha. Now she won't listen. She left home to be with Bertha." The school authorities say: "Bertha is the worst girl in the neighborhood. There is always a crowd of young people around her. She does nothing in school. If you remove that girl, we can handle the rest."

Who is this girl who needs only to crook her finger and another girl, of good family, ignores her parents and abandons their standards?

Bertha is a fifteen-year-old girl, flashily dressed, rather over-size, fairly pretty, vivacious, smiling, good natured, of average, that is to say mediocre, intelligence. She comes from a broken home. She left school at the eighth grade, has worked occasionally as a waitress. Wherever she goes, a flock of boys and girls follow. On her advice, one girl contracted a disastrous early marriage. Bertha arranged everything, loaned clothes, hid the runaway bride, went with the couple to the license bureau where she had no difficulty in posing as the older sister. She "had a way with her" that disarmed the suspicions of the clerk. She could cash a check in any store or bank, rent a car without security, start a charge account. In short, she was skilled in making use of human beings. She was unknown to librarians, settlement workers, club leaders, churches, extension classes and playgrounds, very well known to soft-drink parlors, skating rinks, and dance-halls. The only social agencies that knew her were the day nursery where the mother left her as a child of three, and the Juvenile Court which took charge of her at thirteen. She was always successful in escaping commitment because nothing could be really proved against her. The others, her friends, were in more serious trouble. When she came to court, her flashing smile and ready acceptance of the point of view of her probation officer always succeeded in winning another chance. Even the mother of Elsie admitted that Bertha had not persuaded her daughter to leave home—Elsie had gone "just to be near her."

Now the court must act as a "wise parent"; children are brought to it for protection and guidance. What is the secret of attraction, the significance of personality, that leads young people to follow undesirable leaders and embark on anti-social courses? Could we answer this question, the community could express its parenthood in more constructive ways and the individual could protect his own child from what we call "bad company." But in our modern world protection cannot mean isolation or sheltering. A modern parent can no more shut his child off from contact with behavior codes, ideas, habits and personalities that are "unwholesome" than he can keep him out of germ-laden air.

Leadership is always mysterious. We do not know the physical and mental forces that lie back of the personality that becomes a dynamic center. But we are beginning to understand some of the conditions under which it manifests itself in anti-social ways.[1]

The delinquent girl leader has tremendous vitality. As we observe her she seems never to tire and she reports herself as being always "full of pep," "on the go." Her schedule is full of useless activity. Her recreation does not leave her with a feeling of satisfaction. Like the dancer, each contact with the ground seems to serve as a stimulus to send her further; unlike the dancer there is no rhythmic pattern for her restless movement.

TAKE Rose, who is a delinquent girl leader of sixteen. Wherever she goes, she plans what the crowd of boys and girls does. It is not an organized gang, it is constantly changing. Rose arouses no passionate loyalties, no one trusts her very much, but she has great influence over one girl in particular, Florence.

Florence is seventeen. She lives with her mother, father, four brothers and sisters in a good neighborhood. She is the youngest girl. She has been carefully brought up, in fact never permitted to go anywhere alone. She is far more intelligent than Rose, has finished the third year high school and dropped out because of indifference. Shortly

[1] Sybil Clement Brown in The Problem of Leadership, University of Southern California, has been conducting research in leadership of delinquent girls of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court. It is upon her study that the present article is based. Frederic M. Thrasher in The Gang, University of Chicago Press, has studied some aspects of this problem in boys' groups.

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THE CHILD FACES THE CITY

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THE CHILD FACES NATURE

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work. This is worth while, even though they do not become Michelangelos. There is a teacher in Germany who has paralleled Cizek's art work in music. All this experiment and experience we use in the schools, to help our children gain freedom through creative expression.

MY idea, when I undertook my work, was that the knowledge and technique of the psychologist and the physician would both simplify and enrich the vast, creative process we call education. For myself, my ambition was to become superfluous. Progress has been swifter than I dared hope. Remembering the old days, what I see and hear in the schools now is like a miracle. If I visit a clinic which has been at work for two or three years, the teacher describes and interprets the cases under consideration so completely that I can only listen instead of leading—there is nothing left for me to say. The teacher needs me only to explain our work to his associates who are not so far along.

In schools with which I have been connected for some years, the teachers tell me that there are no more difficulties with problem pupils, that they make out no bad reports, that the drudgery and humiliation of "repeating" a class is now unheard of.

A little while ago I could not have spoken in this way. The teachers would not have understood me if I had told them, "You are responsible." My statement would not have been true, from their point of view, because to them my words would have conveyed another meaning from the one in my own mind. Thus I would have been a liar with the truth—so very often a man can lie by telling the truth, because his words have one meaning for him, another for those to whom he speaks. Austrian teachers used to feel themselves underpaid and looked down upon in the community. There was a restless, peevish dissatisfaction among them. But now I was surprised when some of these teachers went before the Board of Education recently to ask that the report card system be abolished. In the old days, report cards were one of the chief resources of the teachers who used them as goads to force and threaten the children to greater effort.

Now the teachers insist that it is the teacher's job to make his pupils happy in the school environment, to see that they progress naturally and joyously in their studies. If a pupil is so maladjusted that he is falling behind in his work, it is because the teacher deserves a bad report and has not yet found the right method for him.

The school men themselves have not only admitted their responsibility—they rejoice in it. There is a new spirit among these teachers. Their new vision of the dignity and worth of their profession colors their lives, gives meaning to all their days.

From this point the way is clear. Twenty-two clinics have been established. The number of my students increases every year, and so does the interest in our work. I hope in a year or two that we shall have a hundred clinics, and then I am sure the Board of Education will take over this private enterprise. The teachers themselves are making such progress in comprehension and deft application of our methods that many of them do not have to use the clinics any more. They themselves can handle the problems of their pupils as they arise.

The time is at hand when the education of problem children will be the most important phase of teacher training. If I began with the significance of the physician in public life and the difference between his and the untrained point of view, I hope it is equally clear that what I have been striving to do was to close this gap and give to teachers the experience and the understanding hitherto united only in the mind of the physician. This, I believe, is the forward step that we have made in Vienna. Nor is it confined to this one city. Similar clinics, started by my friends and pupils, are now to be found in Berlin, Munich, Frankfort—in practically every German city of importance. I have also visited clinics in The Hague modeled on our plan.

I know that when my work began our Viennese children were misunderstood, mismanaged, beaten, both at home and at school. Now not only are they much less generally and less cruelly punished, but the whole spirit of the people toward youth is changed. Parents and teachers unite in giving the children the environment and the understanding which make for independence, and courage and self-confidence. These children learn to be happily at home in the world in which they live, because grown-ups have come to see the connection between mismanagement of children and the suffering and defeat of men and women.

When Alfred Adler of Vienna came to staff luncheon with The Survey he sat at the head of the table like a calm and kindly Mandarin, just a little perplexed by the sharp clatter of conversation but enormously interested in a new group and a new experience. Author of Individual Psychology, internationally known for his unique contributions to psychology and education, Dr. Adler was in this country several months lecturing on this new way of looking at ourselves and our children. When Dr. Adler talked to the Survey staff, three stenographers hurried after him, trying to catch his heavily accented speech and to take down his Teutonic sentences. He talked to us for nearly two hours and we went away from that conference feeling that we had been in contact with a glowing mind and a great and simple personality. A staff member translated the fifty pages of the transcription into idiomatic English, and from it pieced together this first hand account of Dr. Adler's work in the public schools in Vienna.

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after meeting Rose at school she began slipping out of her window at night. At first they went to church, waiting after the young people's services were over to join a group en route to the soft-drink parlor or to attend a church party. Afterward there would be trips to the beach in automobiles. Florence, whose manner was always listless, began to take on more color. She was timid and it frightened her to be deceiving her parents but when she was with Rose she felt brave. The vigor and boldness of that young person held an invincible attraction. Rose had with adults a combination of pleasing manners and rudeness that never failed to open doors. She appeared to know so much about the adult world. She had learned some of its habits, like drinking, smoking and swearing. She was unusually skilled in repartee and knew just what to say to traffic officers, policemen, dance hall proprietors, restaurant keepers, gay young men with cars. No one could silence a shocked neighbor as quickly as Rose.

EVEN when Rose's leadership somehow resulted in bringing Florence before the court, Florence felt she had gained more than she lost. "It was so dull at home. I just felt I must get out whatever happened. I enjoyed getting out at night and I would do the same thing over again only I would be more careful what happened."

In other matters Florence showed indecision. She was eager for approval, filled with anxiety at criticism. She said in court, "I tried to take my boy-friend home but the girls teased me about it." She gave the impression of yielding limply to disapproval. It astonished her parents to learn that their obedient youngest daughter, mild, tractable and fearful of incurring their displeasure, had shown such complete disregard of the moral instruction of a lifetime. "How did she dare?" said her mother.

It was obvious that Florence had transferred her interest from what her family thought of her to what her contemporaries thought.

Rose's standards of conduct were shared by most of the young people and many of the adults in Florence's neighborhood. Her family could not approve these standards. They had been caught in an engulfing tide that had changed their community from a little group of homes to a thriving city street, with filling-stations, hot-dog stands, movies and stores—a miserable lot of buildings, but viewed with pride at the booster-meetings.

Florence's father went to the meetings, but it never occurred to him to find fault with the neighborhood—nor to the mother who stayed at home belonging to no clubs, the married daughter who had moved away, the daughter next to Florence who was a successful business woman and ashamed of Florence for dropping out of school, nor to the two brothers, one a retiring high school boy, the other hard-working mechanic. Each, save Florence, had his place in some group. It bored them to take Florence out; long ago the family stopped taking recreation together. There was never any reading, music or games. Florence's sisters had each had a brief blossoming period at which time the parents had shown affection and interest. How difficult it is for parents to have the skill to give equal growth-opportunities to all the children so that as one flourishes the others are not crowded into the background!

Rose's family was quite different. Her father was dead. She had one younger brother, aged thirteen. Her mother had been a foster-child, overworked all her life. Rose's father had been a defeated man. After a troubled boyhood he escaped from the bullying of seventeen older brothers and sisters and a tyrannical father, came west, married a woman nine years younger than himself. He let his wife earn the living and devoted himself to the children. He read to them, and took an interest in their school work. When Rose was twelve he died of tuberculosis. Rose used to stand looking at his picture on the mantlepiece, but said very little. Then she began to be truant from school. She built bonfires in caves with the boys, cooked meals out of doors, played ball. Her prestige had a long history. When she was a little child she could always stay out an hour or so longer than the other children. She was taller and stronger, had more toys and spending money. The toys had been constructed by her father, the money was given by her mother who was trying to make her daughter's childhood different from her own bitter foster-child memories. These advantages and privileges gave Rose a superior position in the neighborhood. With adolescence came still more. Her mother permitted her to come and go as she pleased. Her dress was the shortest and tightest, her lips the reddest of any girl in the school.

When teachers remonstrated, the mother said the neigh-

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bors "told her things," but she didn't know anything against the girl. Occasionally she beat Rose. The school authorities regarded Rose as a nuisance. She made the other children restless. The principal, an old man, said "that girl ought to have been put in the penitentiary long ago." Before she was fifteen two other groups had repudiated her. She was fired from her job in the five-and-ten-cent store because she wore too much paint, and she was ejected from a church party because she was a "rough neck."

THE mother was exhausted by her work. Rose became a rebel from home and school. She had no responsibility. Her personality took on a certain cheerfulness, optimism and courage. She had a keen sense of humor. She always shifted the blame to someone else. She was skilled in lying and exaggeration. She would always take a dare. Once she would have jumped off an ocean pier in her clothes because some boys dared her.

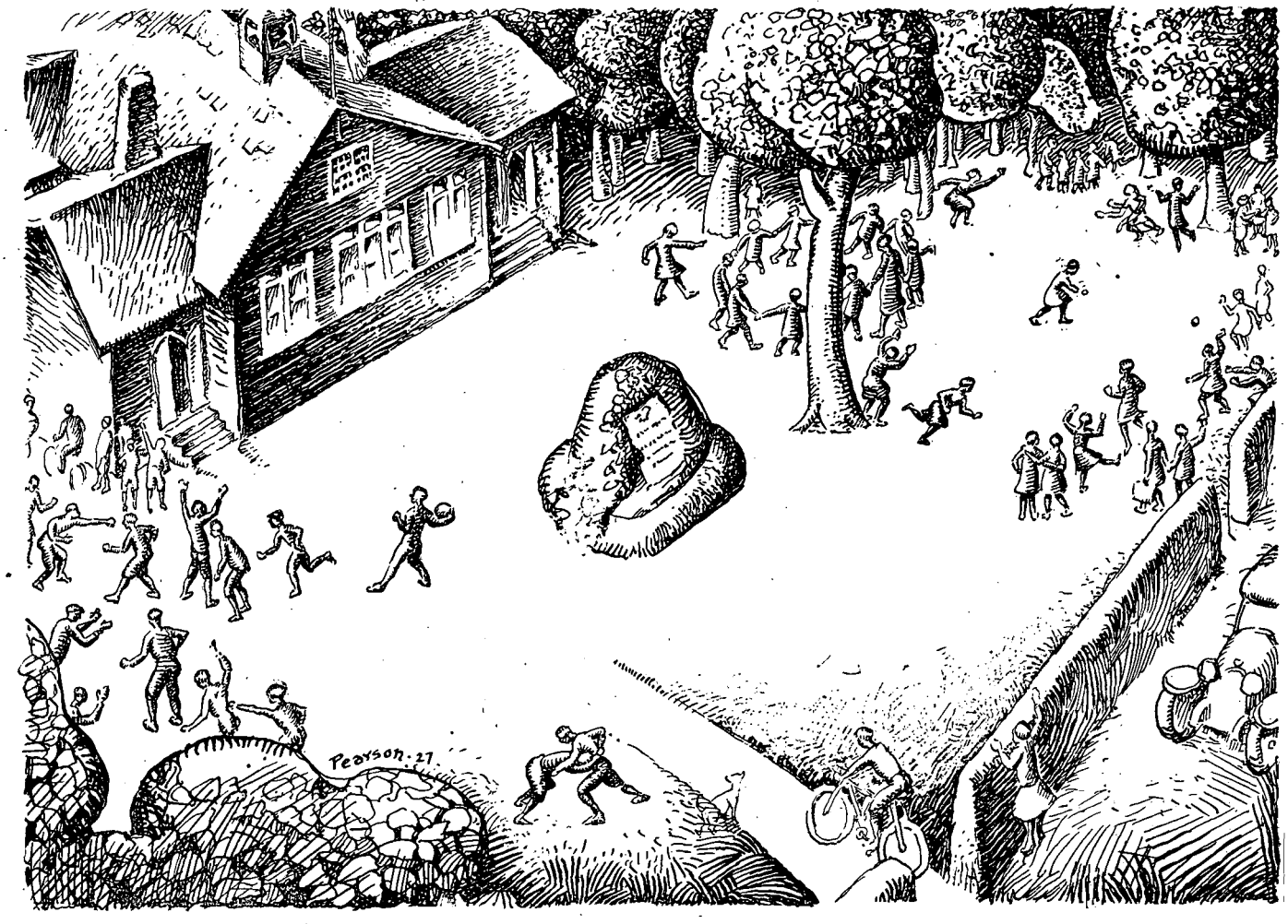
During an unexpected early morning call a probation officer found Rose barefooted, lounging around the kitchen in which the dirty dishes were piled. Rose seemed at great pains to conceal a small cherub tattooed on her right calf. "I did it on a dare; I'm kind of ashamed of it now."

She could drive any make of car, had amazing skill in thinking up exciting things to do. She took the boys and girls to an old barge anchored in the harbor, planned wienie bakes, taught the young people to give false names and addresses when confronted. She was generous, affectionate, large-hearted, in short a personality remarkably well-adjusted to the needs of her group. She was what we call an "integrated" personality in marked contrast to Florence who was ill at ease, retiring, fearful, unhappy, and "disintegrated." Rose sang well, was an expert swimmer, possessed an inexhaustible fund of dramatic ability, always imitating, posing, and caricaturing. Her popularity was enhanced by her ability to defy adults and by one or two items of newspaper publicity when she ran away. But the thing which made her "crowd" grow was the sinister gossip of the adult neighborhood. A girl who was seen with her instantly became "tough," and the process of exclusion which made Rose a stranger to school, work, church and respectable recreation groups, operated swiftly against the newcomer.

Her own group, however, had its equally effective organ of approval and disapproval, "sissy," "goofy," "teacher's pet," "mama's darling," or "good sport," "jazz-baby" and like terms were the overt expressions of a subtle, widespread language which embraced or rejected the young people in search of a good time. Many of them discovered they could not tell the truth and get along with their parents.

Rose's leadership, then, will never be solved by testing her intelligence quotient, which is normal, or studying her health, which is perfect, or analyzing her personality, nor will its effect be ended when Rose goes away to the State School. The deepest forces of social life and family relationships enter into the simplest case of "bad companionship."

One thing may be said for these delinquent leaders. Their leadership is careless, nonchalant, and unpremeditated. They do not want to chairman any meeting for their own



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aggrandizement nor obstruct committee work because they cannot reap the glory. They lead because of the drabness of their surroundings and their own amazing vitality and play-sense.

Nothing could present a greater surface contrast to the young people who were summoned to court in Rose's case than the four thousand students of Y Highschool, in a typical American neighborhood, neither rich, nor poor. Anyone who has taken a catastrophic view of modern youth should meet these students. The neighborhood is stabilized. Most of the homes are owned. There are small gardens, parks and playgrounds, trees. The business street is not very ugly and some open fields can be reached by walking. The students are sons and daughters of every-day business, professional and laboring men and women. The student body activities, the churches and the families utilize almost all the time of the young people. At Y School they wear no uniform, follow no cult, but instantly one gains the impression on the campus that here boys and girls live wholesomely. There is none of that electrically charged atmosphere of "just hanging around" so characteristic of Rose and her crowd. Let us observe the girl leaders of this group.

BETH is the most popular girl in the school. She has been vice-president of the student body, president of the Girls' League, leader in dramatics and athletics. She is pretty, well dressed with an immaculate freshness and daintiness (she makes her own clothes), her gait is light, she is always literally on tiptoe. "Yes, Beth is the sweetest girl in the school," says Martha, who is a far better student.

The boys like her. Beth is no prude but she does not pet. She considers it something "no self-respecting girl would do." Beth is fond of using such terms, yet her diary reveals day-dreams of lovers, and to her grandmother —a music teacher—of whom she is fond she addresses little notes which are placed under a flower-pot and answered in the same fashion by the romantic old lady. Beth writes: "Bob wants to kiss me and I want him to. What must I do?" Her grandmother evidently gave her satisfying advice for the correspondence continued.

One of the boy athletes of the school says, "I always want to be at my best when I am with her." Beth's own brother, Dan, is a year older, and a year more advanced in school. However, he put off his graduation a year so that he could get his diploma on the day she would receive hers.

One day Beth noticed that a group of boys and girls were getting into a borrowed automobile preparatory to "ditching school." It was driven by a popular young fellow whom all the girls sought. She descended upon this party with flashing eyes, explained the enormity of their conduct and succeeded in sending them all back to school. But this identifying herself with the moral standards of the community did not prevent her from absenting herself from school one day with a girl friend, and making a trip ten miles across town to register in a different highschool, under an assumed name, gravely assuring the authorities that she had "just come from the East." One teacher does not like Beth. She says, "She is extremely temperamental and I can generally tell when she comes in the room what kind of mood she is in and how the class will go."

Beth, however, is as happy at school as she is at home.

Her teachers usually report a sense of well-being when she is about. Her own ambition is to become a teacher. She writes in her diary, "I believe that teaching little boys and girls how to become earnest, upright men and women will be nerve-wrecking but soul satisfying. Yet deep in my heart has always been the desire to be—Oh just for one short hour a soda fountain clerk."

Beth's capacity for hard work is one of her leading characteristics. After school she holds a committee meeting or two, then goes home to prepare supper and look after her little sister, Mary, for her mother works away from home. Mary, aged nine, says, "I love little mother [Beth] best because she raised me, and not big mother, but she is sometimes stricter than big mother."

Beth has identified herself with the interests of her family and her family has identified itself with her success and popularity in school. Beth's mother, an efficient woman, earns about one hundred and fifty dollars a month. At fifteen she broke away from her family, changed her religion, and in a runaway match married a boy of nineteen. Her husband was never a provider. The most he ever earned was one hundred and fifteen dollars as gang foreman of a telephone company. He had tried real estate but was easily discouraged. He reads poetry and writes a little. Beth says of her father, "You have to kinda coax him along." It is clear that he turns to his daughter for appreciation, for his wife thinks him incapable. She works from morning till night while he broods, discusses religion and philosophy, in which he is something of a mystic. He can never forget the harsh discipline of his father, a preacher and farmer, who raised six sons and never willingly let any of them grow up. His wife misunderstands him, but Beth listens to his poetry, thinks it is wonderful, and in turn her father is her admirer. He would rather be with Beth than anyone else. Beth tells her father everything that happens during the day. Sometimes together they take out David, a child of seven who is a cripple. They go to the woods and gather wild flowers. They return and read aloud.

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Beth shares the anxiety of her parents—for the doctor bills, for Dan, aged seventeen, who is rather effeminate and shy and wishes to marry a girl "just like Beth," for the upkeep of the home, the making and hanging of the new curtains, the paying of taxes and street assessments. In a real sense Beth is the pal of both father and mother. She has a latchkey and can "wrap the whole family around her finger." She plans what they eat and wear. Yet it is evident that there are no behavior patterns laid down by her parents which Beth does not regard as sacred. Beth thinks that her mother's working away from home makes her a more adequate parent. There is certainly no antagonism in this mother-daughter relationship. If Beth resents her father's economic inferiority, she admires him and turns to him for her ideals. She works all the harder to compensate for his lack of success in business.

In a sense the children have taken possession of the home. Both parents have a whole-hearted admiration of them. They occupy the best bedrooms and their plans supersede anything the parents have on hand. There has never been wrangling, jealousy, suspicion. There is no corporal punishment. Both display consistent affection. What Beth knows of sex she learned within her family. They are always talking things over, reading, playing games, and going out together on picnics and to church. The rooms are so poorly furnished that Beth does not like to take her friends home. She keeps making little excuses. If Beth had fifty dollars to spend she would buy a dress for her mother, a brace for her little brother, and a cage for her bird. In short there is nothing remarkable in Beth's range of ideas nor in her family life.

If we sum it up we note that she has a confident, imperious manner, an average intelligence and normal health, that she possesses the ability to see things through, that she is witty and light-hearted, a good sport, versatile in her interests, with an attention rather evenly divided between books and activities indoor and outdoor, that she has an intense enjoyment of life, that is in complete harmony with its behavior codes, has great affection for her brothers and sisters and feels responsibility for them. She has a concern for other people and an attitude of protection, a tolerance beyond her years. As one fellow student puts it, "You can tell her anything and she understands." She has a definite plan of life and has known handicaps, and these are stimulating to her.

An unseen margin divides her life from that of Rose. The economic level is much the same. Beth is in harmony with the ideas of her community, she is "refined," "ladylike," and loyal—and Rose is tough and a rebel. On the whole Rose is a more adjusted personality than Beth, but this has depended largely on the community's definition.

WE must mention one factor, the presence in Beth's school of a vice-principal, an outstanding personality, warm and generous, interested in what concerns young people, a woman who knows all the girls in her school, who guides their social life and feels it as a personal sorrow when a girl drops out of school. She welcomes "problem girls" and has never expelled one. She visits the court and interests her Highschool Girls' League in the affairs of the city.

We must note also that Beth has never known the misery of a family where one parent is in charge and the other is divorced—divorced emotionally if not legally—from the affairs of the home. Beth has never known a divided family allegiance. She has never lived in a neighborhood where she could gain prestige from her companions and censure from adults by defying adult standards—a censure that expresses itself in secret admiration, in gossip around card tables, and a hushed expectancy of some dramatic outbreak. She has never known what it was to have to impress herself upon her companions at all costs, by over-dress, sophistication, daring and newspaper publicity. In her home and in her school she has found ready-made channels for her initiative, charm and energy. In her home she has not only been wanted, she is necessary. She has learned responsibility in her family group, and while it may have brought her an over-maturity of outlook, it has provided scope for her full energy.

Beth is typical of the other girl leaders of the Y Highschool. None is endowed with unusual health, mentality, or family advantages. All of them are identified with their community and have that mysterious gift of tolerance, capacity, vitality, and concern for the interests of their fellow man that places them in the position of popular affection and influence. All of them have faced stimulating handicaps—working mothers, sick or economically inferior fathers, ill brothers and sisters, the necessity of careful planning, the unsatisfied emotional yearning of one parent, the pressure of maintaining respectability. Yet the balance of a healthy and invigorating family and school life has been attained.

What is the task of the parent of a gifted child? First to attend to his health and normal growth, freed from adult interference or the presence of a selfish goal. Next, unmitigated commonsense and sturdiness of outlook, a sense of humor, and the upholding of a worthwhile task.

One woman whose boy is now in college and whose relationship to her son is noted for its cordial understanding, writes:

How did I achieve this confidence? By no criticism of friends, no pressure upon him for a change of view even when

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it hurt to see him headed wrong. I have felt and acted toward him as toward some delicately budded plant, the least touch of which would somehow mar, or retard. I have dug the roots —hard—but he never knew that. . . . I have never talked to him nor written him a letter when I was miserable or confused myself. Just as he has shown courage in dealing with his own lack of finances or with his college mates or love affairs, so I have never let him see the times when I, his mother, felt spiritually bankrupt. There has been utter frankness between us—yet no dependence. Now I feel that he is almost mature. I take joy in him. He is something to trust, and to lean upon—yet I shall never lean.

Such a parent is no handicap to a child about to become a leader.

There is often a certain smugness about the child leader as there is with some club presidents. The leader attains an articulate formula of what all right-minded people ought to say and do in certain circumstances. The group assents to this, if for no other reason than that they are silenced by their own feeling of moral inferiority. Adults should exercise caution when a child displays the ability to dominate and humiliate other children.

For example Jane, when observed in the nursery school was four and a half years old, tall and strong for her age. She was described by her teacher as "a leader, a motherly child, inclined to lead for good." Jane was playing with a discarded roll of red celluloid film. It was old and had a few cracks which widened in the wind as Jane flew about the yard with the film streaming behind her. It fell on the ground and a boy of three ran to pick it up. His clumsy fingers tore it a little more but it was evident as he handed it to Jane that he believed himself helpful.

The teacher came up just then in distress.

"Who did this?" she said, holding up the torn object. No one minded whether the film was torn or not, but the teacher believed that this was an opportunity to teach consideration for another's property.

The three-year-old evidently thought she had asked who picked it up, for he answered, "I did," with promptness and satisfaction. Jane said nothing. With intense absorption she watched the teacher take the little boy's hands, pull his sweater sleeves over them in punishment and say,

"Hands mustn't do that."

THE child was bewildered. He looked at his hands, at the teacher's face, at Jane and the other children who crowded around. Suddenly he had become a culprit and in the subtle way in which human affairs go, Jane, who was the "guilty party" if anyone was guilty, became aggrandized.

Later in the day all the children were in giggles. One little boy was convulsed with laughter. Jane said, "It is *not* funny, is it?" looking at the teacher. Then with emphasis, "My father says it is not funny."

Very early children learn that there seem to be two moralities, the morality of rules where one gains approval and prestige by observance and also by condemning those unable or unwilling to follow these rules; and the morality of persons, where one enters a realm of values based on liking, affection and loyalty. Fair-play, the giving of some service, the avoidance of the infliction of suffering upon others seem to be of more importance than following the rules. The reason children feel that the two moralities are antagonistic is because adults so frequently trample upon persons in the presence of children. It is a tragic thing for a child to be in the hands of parents or teachers who permit him to gain advantage or to win a position of moral superiority at the cost of the ridicule, humiliation, failure or degradation of some other child. Constantly we see this kind of "leadership" sponsored in groups of small children. We have, in truth, no one but ourselves to blame for the ruthlessness and smugness of leaders.

The price of leadership is paid by the child no less than the adult. Sometimes ability to hold a group depends on behavior acquired through inhibitions growing out of conflict.

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Isabel was president of a girls' self-government club. She took it seriously; no task was too hard or disagreeable. She worked everything undertaken to a successful issue. She was punctual, unfailingly loyal to principle, and could not be swayed by the group. Her first election came easily because of her quaint, attractive face, her good manners and adequate vocabulary. Her re-election came grudgingly: "She sure is goody-goody." "Gosh, how she preaches!" "Does she believe all that?" "Sure, she does." Isabel had not the slightest sense of humor. Her pronouncements from the chair on morals were devoid of the least twinkle or concession. Her low, pleasing voice flowed in didactic, ministerial rhythm, unbroken by doubt or second thought or a sudden tug of personal affection for some sinner who might reasonably enough be considered an exception. Isabel was completely smug.

IT could not occur to her contemporaries that this "surface" was necessary for her protection as is the bark of the young tree when sap runs in spring. Her formula of conduct was based on the very highest principles she knew, the conventional statements of teachers and social workers. She tried to identify herself with them because she had nothing else to belong to.

Her family accused her of "acting superior" to them. She refused to ride on her father's truck through the center of town and she wanted to go to highschool and college. Her delinquencies included running away from home, truancy, temper-tantrums, and bad company (at the age of sixteen she had fallen in love with two older men). Her parents were glad to have her sent away from home. Her mother was deaf, had bad eyesight, and constant headaches. The mother's father had nine children, six of whom died before adolescence. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, but now his daughter, Isabel's mother, says she won't hear of Isabel's going to church—"It is nonsense. God is in the radio."

Isabel has always been interested in religion. Her favorite books are the Bible, Pollyanna, and The Reign of Terror, the last two, in a sense, being symbolic of her response to life.

Isabel's father comes of a long line of Swedish-Americans of healthy stock. He was considered the black sheep of a family of eight. He was a mechanic and ship-carpenter, a good workman but something—possibly the childish sense of guilt he still retained from the thunderings of his Lutheran father—kept him moving from place to place. Before Isabel was seven they had moved four times. When she was nine he brought her and her little brother of seven to California in an automobile and set up a giant ferris wheel on one of the pleasure piers in a beach resort. He built this with his own hands. It was a success. Isabel, dressed as a chorus girl, sold the tickets from a high platform, and the seven-year-old brother, dressed as her lover, helped her. When they were "arrested" by some child welfare agency it was a great shock to Isabel.

Then the mother and Isabel's oldest sister joined the family and life was more stable. Still they moved seven times more before Isabel was sixteen. By the time she was eleven she was working in private homes as nursemaid. She saw bad temper, drunkenness, and immorality in these homes, but kept from serious delinquency herself, the reason being that her oldest sister had been arrested and Isabel made a resolve "not to be like her."

Isabel had no idea when she fell in love that it was against the law. The court hearing, and the resulting social treatment at the girls' school, made a deep impression. It was her first security, yet in conflict with all she had known. So it is that Isabel regards emotion as a disaster. She shrinks from "crushes" among the girls, yet she is always inspiring them, and herself is in the throes of adoration over a teacher, whose lack of reciprocity is a great sorrow.

WHEN Isabel first went to the school a girl feigned a suicide attempt over a triangular girl love affair with Isabel as apex. This so disturbed Isabel that she determined to have no close friends: "I said to myself, 'I shall work to be president of this club. I shall make something of myself. In order to do that I shall be nice to everyone and have no close friends'." Months passed. Isabel won her presidency. She starved for affection, yet all that she had known had ended badly. Her formula, her articulate grasp of behavior-codes, was a great help, a comfort, almost a substitute, for

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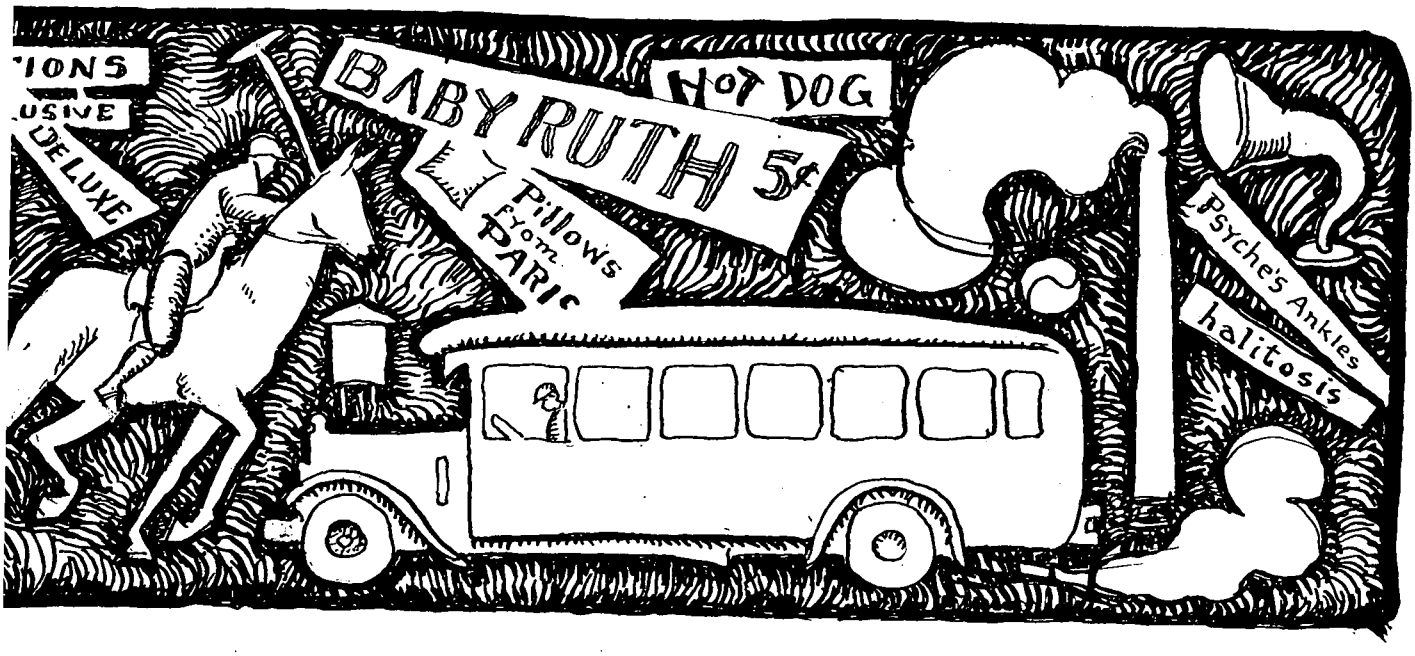

it brought her approval from adults who could also give security. But it was neither adequate nor subtle enough when you were flooded with emotion. Therefore emotion must be avoided. It was extremely dangerous, yet irresistible. When the psychiatrist requested her to let her thoughts go where they would in free association and revery, for the purpose of psycho-analysis, Isabel said, "My mind does not work that way. I never just drift. I control my thoughts." It is clear that she wishes to occupy herself with only those things which she thinks have purpose, will "get her somewhere," and that she is careful not to let her mind wander in unguarded regions.

THIS child, then, ignorant of the beneficent process of "sublimation" and possessed of superior vigor of mind, warmth of emotion, much energy, an "impossible family situation," becomes the leader of a turbulent group who choose her because she best represents their hopes toward righteousness and their leaning toward adult approval. She may be smug, but it is because her leadership is based on the energy of conflict and her victory is still too raw to wear with a smile.

Is all "leadership," we wonder, a kind of mysterious flowering of personality under handicap? There remains the community and the uses it puts its leaders to, and the uses it finds for those who would be leaders and are not. Someone has said, "We gain our place and hold our place only through the generous praise of the defeated."

Summarizing the results of these studies into leadership we note that the family like the Juvenile Court must deal, not with individuals in isolation, but in relation to those forces in personality which attract, or antagonize. The home has new responsibilities, chief of which in our modern age is clearer vision of the purposes of community life.

Parents must take a new attitude toward friends. The relationship between personalities is a matter of greatest importance. Whether they become "constructive" or "destructive" will depend in large measure upon the treatment given the individual child in the family. If parents, through antagonism to friends force loyalty to become fixed to an unworthy individual, or to a small group employed in warfare, such as some gangs, they have only themselves to blame for the harmful result.

As Forel observed the "greatest enemies of ants are other ants, just as the greatest enemies of men are other men," so we see in the lives of the most anti-social individuals a warped kind of socialization. They respond to leadership, all the more damaging because it is in conflict with accepted gods.

Those leaders, whom we call constructive have been given something in their family group which makes for the growth of responsibility. We may stress many obvious things; regularity of living, consistency of purpose in family life, cultivation of socially useful habits, recognition of skill and achievement in the individual child, use of social resources, the building up the feeling of confidence in the trustworthiness of adults. But these are end-results. The essential core is found in the attitude of the parent toward personality. If the parent is possessive in his relationship to his child, if he merely projects his own ambition the child will turn elsewhere. If the parent is genuinely solicitous for the well-being of the child he will be incapable of thwarting his growth attempts.

IT is a curious fact that adolescent children who are antagonistic to their parents appear to seek the *missing* parent among their adult friends, or their contemporaries. The personality of the undesirable friend is so often an image of the dream-parent, a kind of substitute for what the child desired of his parent!

From delinquent "leaders" has been withheld, not only normal parental relationships but adequate understanding on the part of the community. Rejected by the school, the church, and the club, isolated and distorted by neighborhood gossip they find their only road to prestige to be in rebellion. Equipped with energy, both physical and mental, possessed of surprising buoyancy and courage these young people explore every avenue and find it blocked. The wise parent is the one who opens doors, and who realizes that while ultimately "loyalty" may be "the devotion of the self to the community," the chief door to it in adolescence is the attraction of personality.

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Forty Years in Kindergarten

An Interview with Patty Smith Hill

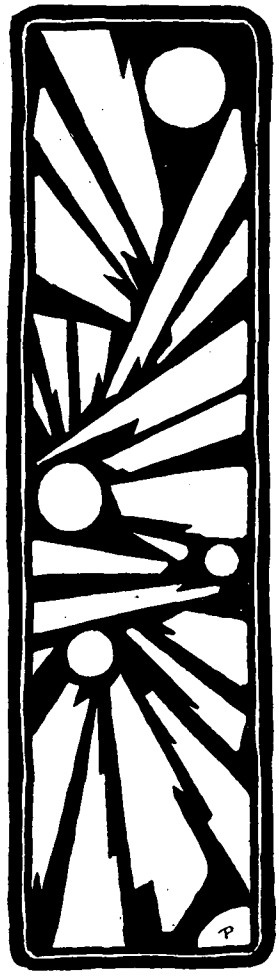
By BEULAH AMIDON

PATTY SMITH HILL said, "Great things have been happening in kindergarten and primary education in the last forty years."

My mind flashed back across three decades to the kindergarten in a prairie town taught by Miss Emma and Miss Julia in a church basement. In those days one's chief responsibility in kindergarten, as in school, was to learn to do as one was told. There was a white circle painted on the floor. There was a locked cupboard to which Miss Julia kept the key. One sat on the white circle while Miss Emma told a story embodying some spiritual "lesson" and one did not squirm or ask questions. One sat in a little red chair "hands folded at the edge of the table," when Miss Julia unlocked the cupboard, placing in front of each child The Gift, while Miss Emma explained precisely what was to be done with it. Richard might aspire to a pattern of his own design on his peg board. Kathleen might feel more like clay modeling than paper weaving. Margery might prefer cutting paper doll dresses from her blue paper to folding it into a geometric form. But in kindergarten one did as one was told, all except David who flew into tantrums of outraged dignity and thwarted ambition and was finally refused as a kindergarten pupil by Miss Emma.

Miss Hill said, "I think the children are happier now than they used to be—more normal in mind and in body because we understand them better."

Not long before our interview, I went with the four-year-old that I know best to visit his school. Betty and Philip were making "work aprons" for themselves out of gay cretonne. John and Kendall were modeling clay animals. Three other children were cooperatively building a subway system with the big blocks. Several small persons clustered about an assistant teacher planning a museum trip. Jane and Dorothy were feeding the class bunny. Hector and Mary and Roderigo were hammering away in the construction of their grocery store for which Freddy and Miss C. were printing a sign. Yes, these eager children in this "junior primary" room, absorbed in their own projects, were happier than the regimented kindergartners of forty years ago. Patty Smith Hill was one of the pioneers in bringing about this change.



Miss Hill first became known to the educational world in the early nineties, as the result of her experimental work in a demonstration kindergarten in Louisville, Kentucky. Since 1905 she has been on the faculty of Teachers College, Columbia University, and today she is Professor of Education in this institution, one of only three women to hold a full professorship in this famous training center for school leaders.

In herself and in her work, Miss Hill typifies the cleavage in American education between the traditionalists and the progressives—between those who cling to old ways simply because they are old ways, and those who swing forward in the pioneer spirit seeking broader fields through research and experiment.

Patty Hill, herself, is tall and vigorous and wholesome, with unshorn iron gray hair, very young, very blue eyes, and quiet, capable hands.

She said, "If I am to talk to you about my work and the changes in education with which I have been associated, I must start by talking to you about my mother and father and the wonderful home in which I grew up. My wish to work and my ability to work I trace back to the childhood they gave me."

Miss Hill was one of six children. Her father, a Princeton graduate, was a Presbyterian minister who also became at different times in his life headmaster of a girls' school, president of a woman's college, and an editor.

"MY mother grew up in a college town in the South. She was not allowed to matriculate because the college was for men only—but a college education she must have, so the professors tutored her outside the sacred college walls. I grew up in the days when the South was endeavoring to recover from the effects of the Civil War, when a college education was next to impossible. I have spent a life time studying and teaching, but I have always been too busy to stop long enough for my own degree."

Miss Hill looked up at the sensitive, gravely smiling face of her father's portrait and said,

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"There was a man who really understood young people. He never had any disciplinary problems in his college because he gave his students what he called 'wise freedom.' My mother's philosophy was a happy one. She asserted that every child should have any reasonable pleasure he desired. Those were puritanical days and dire results were prophesied as she planned the life of her children along these lines. Every child in our family had his own little garden. We were allowed to go to the workshop, encouraged to work with hammer and saw and nails. We were taught that idleness, not work, was a disgrace. This all sounds commonplace enough now, doesn't it? But in those days it was daringly unconventional. My father went even farther. He believed that every girl should grow up with a profession. This was a radical idea everywhere fifty years ago, particularly in the South. My father had a horror of girls 'marrying for a home,' and he felt that the only way to avoid this catastrophe was to prepare every young woman to 'stand on her own feet' economically. For this reason from our earliest years sisters and brothers alike discussed together and with our parents the type of work we wished to pursue when we were grown."

PATTY HILL is sure she had selected her own career by the time she was eight or nine years of age. "I know that I made up my mind very early in life that the care of young children was to be my work when I was grown up. I can scarcely remember when I did not have this ambition."

In September, 1887, two months after Miss Hill graduated from the Louisville Collegiate Institute, the Courier-Journal announced a new educational venture to be started in that city.

A FREE KINDERGARTEN

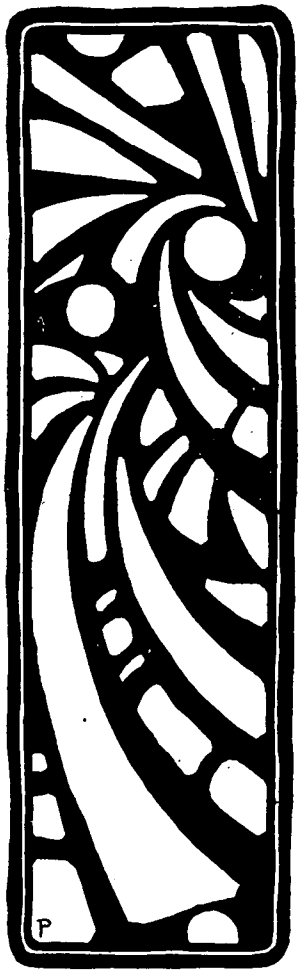
Miss Bryan Returns to her Kentucky Home to Instruct Poor Children

She Will Also Train Young Ladies for Teaching—Methods of the Celebrated System.

Miss Hill immediately enrolled under Anna E. Bryan in this first training class for a new type of teaching.

"I was the youngest member of my class but from the very beginning my training teacher observed an ability to depart from traditional procedure which she encouraged. She used to say 'You do not have to follow Froebel. I want to see what you *yourself* will do.'"

Miss Hill continued: "Most of the American pioneers in kindergarten education were Hegelians. Many of them identified themselves with the Transcendental School of Philosophy at Concord. In the days of Emerson this was the philosophical background for such leaders as Elizabeth Peabody, Susan Blow, William T. Harris, Denton Snider, and others. Those in this group who lived to see the new day found it difficult to square their 'world view' with modern science. Froebel himself went from one university to another, digging out the scant scientific knowledge available in his day. I am sure that he would have been one of the first to grasp with full understanding and sympathy the viewpoints that science brought into education. As I read his life he never looked upon his scheme of education as complete. He was constantly sending out material to mothers and teachers urging them to criticize it after experimentation. Those who came after him did not have this fresh and adventurous spirit. In their hands his incomplete experimentation grew into a cult. The purpose of the kindergarten movement ceased to be a progressive scheme of education and became a 'system'."



ANNA E. BRYAN broke with this tradition. When Miss Hill speaks of this teacher there is reflected in her face the glow of a fine and stimulating comradeship, though Miss Bryan died in 1901. Across the years Miss Hill feels that, much as she owes to such great teachers as John Dewey, William Burnham, G. Stanley Hall, Edward Lee Thorndike, her dominating love for children was first directed into channels of growth by Miss Bryan's inspiring vision.

Upon her graduation with the first training class Miss Bryan put Patty Hill in charge of the demonstration kindergarten. Miss Bryan made her feel that the kindergarten was her laboratory and even then Miss Hill grasped the significance of purposeful activity and set herself the task of so presenting the kindergarten resources that they would stimulate creative thinking in children. Instead of "dictating" the building of a cube from the rectangular blocks of the Fourth Gift, Miss Hill began to suggest the possibility of constructing a doll bed or a table or a barn from the blocks without dependence upon direction. This was a step behind the self-motivated projects of the modern kindergarten-primary school, but it was far in advance of the orthodox kindergartens of the day.

At the meeting of the National Educational Association in 1890 Miss Bryan read a paper with the suggestive title, The Letter Killeth. Miss Hill illustrated this talk with charts, showing how she led children to create their sequences as a substitute for the dictated forms of preceding years. As a result of this meeting it began to be noised abroad that something out of the ordinary was happening in the kindergartens of Louisville, Kentucky. People came from all parts of the country to see this new type of work. The last year that Miss Hill had charge of the demonstration kindergarten more than three thousand guests were registered in the visitors' book.

At the end of 1893, Miss Bryan was recalled to Chicago and Miss Hill, though still in her early twenties, became principal of the training school as well as supervisor of the kindergartens. In spite of the strenuous duties of the school year, her summers were spent in study, in preparation for new undertakings.

"Every time I heard of a teacher who was breaking ground in my field I traveled any distance to get acquainted with him and his work at first hand. In 1890, I studied with Colonel Francis Parker in the famous old Cook County Normal School, in Chicago. A

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little later than this a monograph came into my hands written by John Dewey in which he endeavored to present to teachers the psychological fact that a mode of expression apart from a vital idea to express is barren and stultifying. This was my own starting point in getting away from the formalism of the traditional kindergarten procedure. As soon as I could, I went to study with Professor Dewey. When I returned to my work I gave over all of the traditional procedure, convinced that creative thinking, not standardized practice, should be the guiding principle in the education of little children."

In 1896 G. Stanley Hall issued a questionnaire on kindergarten programs, making a drastic criticism of the traditional plan. As soon as this material came into Miss Hill's hands she was on the way to study with Dr. Hall. "While a large number of kindergartners responded to Dr. Hall's invitation, at the close of his first class only two students remained for the exceedingly strenuous summer course he proposed—Miss Bryan and myself. This gave us a rare opportunity, as we had the whole summer for uninterrupted study under Dr. Hall and Professor Burnham. Here we were introduced to the new child study movement, to the necessity for changing materials, curricula, and methods in the light of new knowledge about both physical and mental health."

In 1905 Dean Russell called Patty Hill to Teachers College to introduce these new ideas in education in the East where the work was of a very conservative type.

"You know, Teachers College always presents both sides of a controversial issue," Miss Hill reminded me. "That's a tradition but not a bad one. Susan Blow, the great leader of the conservatives, was present at all of my classes and I had the privilege of attending all of hers. The same group of students was exposed to these diametrically opposed points of view on different days." Miss Hill chuckled. "It's a wonder the class survived!

"Teachers College even at that time had a scientific attitude toward education. It was not a fertile field for either mysticism or traditionalism. In a short time it was clear that the progressive point of view was to prevail here."

A year later the first classes for supervisors and training teachers were placed under Miss Hill's charge. During more than twenty years of service to Teachers College Miss Hill has helped bring about a complete shift in emphasis from the exact practice of a standardized routine to a scientific study of childhood through intelligent experimentation. From the beginning she was interested in the clinical study of children and worked toward the establishment of what was later called the Institute of Child Welfare Research. Through Miss Hill's effort Dr. Helen T. Woolley, a research expert in the new field, was brought to Teachers College as the Institute's Director.

"WHEN I look back on my long experience in teaching," said Miss Hill, "I am always grateful for what I have learned from the children. If one is not absorbed in administering 'a system' one can learn so much in a schoolroom!

"There was Howard, for instance, back in the first Louisville kindergarten. Howard could always manage to say what he meant. Every schoolroom ought to have one child who is able to express to the teacher what others only feel. We were sitting in the traditional kindergarten circle, the children and I. In those days it was part of a good kindergartner's job to get over to the children 'the topic of the day.' I was earnestly holding forth looking to right and left, to the front, and to the children on each side when Howard lifted his face to mine. 'Say, Teacher,' he demanded, 'who are you talking to anyhow?' At once I realized what artificial nonsense the whole performance was. In the circle I was not talking to anyone. I was just spraying my ideas over a group of children, who had to listen whether they wanted to or not. The circle as a 'symbol' was disbanded then and there. After this I did my talking with individual children and little groups who came to me to discuss matters of genuine interest. As soon as we ceased to make a rite of it, it was easy to get exchange of ideas and vigorous discussion among little children. This was an enormous gain in reality and directness, but given our small, spontaneous groups as working units, I found myself asking: How can we develop social consciousness in children of this age?

"JACK taught me about this. Jack was in Miss Garrison's group, here at Teachers College. A canary bird had been given to the children. When Miss Garrison carried the cage into the room, they all crowded about her, exclaiming, admiring and asking questions. The cage was finally placed in the window, and the children scattered to their various occupations. Presently Jack tugged at Miss Garrison's sleeve.

"What is the bird's name?" he asked.

"I don't believe he has a name."

"Then I will name him," said Jack. "I will name him for myself: Jack."

"But Jack, does the bird belong to you?" asked Miss Garrison.

"No, he doesn't."

"To whom does the bird belong?"

"I suppose he belongs to all of the children in this room."

"Well, then, who has the right to name him?"

"I suppose all the children ought to name him," Jack answered slowly. "Miss Garrison, please call the children together to name the bird!"

Miss Garrison waited a moment and then suggested, "But Jack, you are the one who wants the bird named. Can't you call the children together?"

It was a big undertaking for a five-year-old. Jack hesitated, uncertain how to organize a "town meeting," but convinced of the need of one. Finally he went from one group of children to another saying, "Our bird hasn't a name—come on, let's name him. You can nail that afterward—let's name our bird right away."

Jack persuaded Leland and Margot and Sally to help him arrange chairs. They placed them in a big circle, "so we can all see each other," with a seat for Miss Garrison. But when all the chairs were occupied it was Jack, not the teacher, who began to hold forth. The group entered into animated discussion, Jack insisting that Jessie mustn't talk till Emily was through and that everyone must be quiet when Harold, who stuttered, began to talk. At last a name was chosen, the big circle broke up and the children returned to their sewing and carpentry and painting. But Jack had taught us something about kindergarten organization that we needed to know: the small, spontaneous group is the natural unit for work with little children. A common interest is the only basis for calling together a

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large group. Given such an interest, a large group can function simply and spontaneously, and through it the children gain experience as parts of a social whole."

Miss Hill continued, "Are you old enough to remember how leaders in education used to say that little children have no purpose? A group of six-year-olds taught me the truth about this many years ago. They worked for a week over a model of a Fifth Avenue bus which they built with blocks. They criticized, discussed plans, and improved the model with undiminished enthusiasm, till they were satisfied. We had to learn through these children what real concentration is when a job challenges their interest. It is astonishing the difference between attention which is only a response to the teacher's demand and the concentration inspired by enthusiasm for a job.

"As this experimental work continued my colleagues and I found it necessary to build a new curriculum for kindergarten and primary children. Bit by bit we gave up practically all of the earlier Froebelian materials, though we have kept the Froebelian attitude and spirit. We have never used the Montessori material with American children. The whole scheme was too rigid and artificial, and we could not accept the psychological principle of the 'transfer of training' upon which Mme. Montessori's entire plan is based. This meant that we must work out our own materials.

"We began with blocks. Children have always loved to build. I looked back on my childhood when my sisters and I tried to make houses big enough to get into but the available materials were not suited to our purposes. We tried placing boards on top of barrels but the construction was so shaky that we were compelled to lie down after creeping 'upstairs'. In 1898 I studied with Dr. Luther Gulick who had the first school of play in America, and I took for my problem a new set of building blocks on a scale sufficiently large to enable children to play in the houses, stores, and barns they built. We worked on this scheme twelve or thirteen years before we devised our present set of blocks which schools all over the world are using.

"We wanted music to be creative as well as interesting. Up to this time the teacher 'taught' songs and the children learned them by rote and sang them in chorus. We substituted short childlike songs and 'musical sentences.' We introduced tone plays with bells, triangles, horns, water in tumblers—anything to call the children's attention to the beauty of sound. Through these plays we were able to detect tone deafness and monotones. We are still fighting 'concert singing' where children form bad musical habits and where individual defects are covered up by the volume of sound. We try to substitute for chorus work the primitive instruments by means of which children can experiment with sound. Rhythms are caught by the children as they listen to the beat of the music sung or played by one another or by the teacher. No one dictates the steps and eagerly each child moves from discovery to discovery. This is commonplace today but was epoch-making in its beginning.

"We had a terrific battle on the subject of kindergarten games. Here again it was the traditional idea for the teacher to 'teach' and the children to imitate. We soon discovered that if children were left to themselves they would create their own plays, (*Continued on page* 523)

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Training for Social Work

By BEULAH WELDON

CAN the undergraduate of 1927 be made into a social worker? If not, why not? If so, how? This discussion is not a fundamental analysis of these queries. It is an aggregation of impressions received from visits to twenty-seven colleges, interviews with the directors of thirteen schools of social work and with the recruiting officers of six large commercial organizations. It seeks to raise questions rather than to answer them.

A generation ago, a zealous, self-sacrificing man or woman with a "cause" could not only get a hearing on the college campus but could with ease inspire large numbers of the young ones to go out and do likewise. That day is past. The modern college student is more skeptical of emotional appeals, more intent on finding a reasonable basis for work. The word "service" suffered at the hands of the war propagandists and will not again quicken the pulses of those who can remember as far back as 1914. As a prominent social worker recently stated it, "They will respond more readily to a vocation that promises them a life of experience." The whys of modern college students take them far outside the conventional paths of academic research. To be sentimental is taboo; to be hard-boiled a matter of course and of pride. Social service has as strong an appeal as the Wednesday night prayer meeting. In a mid-western college, during my visit, a notice of a lecture by an insurance expert was posted. The room was jammed. Another meeting, for a social worker, head of a large settlement house, brought an audience of two students, both dragged in by an embarrassed professor.

Even ten years ago a college girl found satisfaction in playing games one afternoon a week in a settlement house with the children, coaching a play, or teaching a sewing class. Last spring a college junior who had struggled with an embroidery class tendered her resignation to the head-worker of the settlement saying she felt there was nothing "vital" in what she was doing. The director agreed that of course there wasn't; further she considered the girl "egotistical" to expect to do anything "vital" in one afternoon a week during the college year. Naturally they parted with mutual misunderstanding. Superficially the only difference between the undergraduate today and the one a decade ago is that the latter really believed what she did was important.

The pioneers in social work were sure that their work would somehow help to change the social order fundamentally. The contemporary student has less faith in his own power to change that order. His interest is analytical and diagnostic rather than revolutionary or reformatory. He does not share with his elders their dreams of Utopia. He just doesn't believe in it, any more than he believes in Santa Claus. He does believe that a more intelligent and therefore a more effectual handling of the ills of the present social order will lead to the prevention of some of them. That is about as far as he goes.

There are many reasons for the change. We are probably safe in thinking it is due partly to the war, partly to an increased prosperity and largely to an ever deepening respect for the scientific. This is mirrored in typical statements of professional teachers of social work: "students come knowing what they want;" "younger, with more mental equipment but less devotion and loyalty—on the whole much better;" "much better type of students who have sporting rather than sentimental or uplift attitudes." There is a healthy conviction that self-sacrifice for its own sake is "bunk," "blah," or "applesauce."

Our 1927 undergraduate still has a desire to "serve," even if he doesn't like the term, but social work is not the only calling in which this ego satisfaction can be found. The other professions and even business organizations have stolen the thunder of the social worker. Medicine, law, teaching and the public utilities speak in terms of public welfare and speak scientifically withal.

Social workers and that part of the friendly public that has through some personal contact become informed about modern social work, know that social work is not without its scientific principles. They recognize that the science of human behaviour and relationships is in the making and that the field of the social worker is the laboratory of that science. The natural place to look for guidance in principle and for theories of experimentation is in the classroom of the sociologist. The works of the authorities in this field should be the reference library of the practitioner as is the medical library the guide of the physician, while experiments in the field should be the basis for new undertakings. Unfortunately, this rarely happens.

RECENTLY a study has been begun to determine how familiar are the professors in the social sciences with the work carried on by national social agencies. Sixty-six questionnaires have been returned from thirty-two colleges. The professors were asked to signify whether they were slightly informed about, well informed about, or completely ignorant of twenty-four national agencies. They were asked to state whether or not they would like further information about any of the organizations. The following table throws more light on our problem:

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WHAT 66 COLLEGE PROFESSORS KNOW ABOUT NATIONAL SOCIAL AGENCIES

	Well Informed About	Knew Nothing Of	Want More Information
American Red Cross	49	1	11
American Social Hygiene Assn.	36	7	18
National Child Labor Committee	35	10	14
Boy Scouts of America	34	2	8
National Committee for Mental Hygiene	33	2	21
National Board of Y.W.C.A.	32	5	8
Camp Fire Girls	31	4	13
National Consumers' League	30	6	13
American Assn. for Labor Legislation	27	9	15
National Tuberculosis Assn.	26	8	10
National Probation Assn.	26	16	19
Playground and Recreation Assn. of America	25	11	13
Girl Scouts	24	8	11
National Council of Y.M.C.A.	23	6	7
National Assn. of Travelers Aid Societies	20	14	11
American Country Life Assn.	19	18	13
American Assn. for Organization Family Social Work	19	19	20
American Child Health Assn.	18	21	11
National Organization of Public Health Nursing	18	19	11
Child Welfare League of America	18	18	19
National Assn. of Legal Aid Organizations	12	18	16
National Health Council	9	28	15
Boys' Club Federation	7	29	15
National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness	5	27	16

Obviously a goodly number of teachers of social science do not agree that a knowledge of what goes on beyond the campus is necessary to an understanding of theoretical principles. When an instructor of rural sociology complacently admits complete ignorance of such an organization as the American Country Life Association some necessary link is missing somewhere.

The social worker is disdainful of a professor of this type. He feels that the teacher should keep himself well informed in the field, even if it costs him (as it does one sociologist of my acquaintance) a hundred dollars a year for the necessary memberships and publications. Only through the intelligent interest of the teacher will a student become aware of current social problems and of his own relation to them. No student is likely to become interested who has been working under a professor who describes social work as "uplift," dismissing it with the criticism that "dealing with inferiors creates inferiority."

Here again business leads. Many large business organizations are spending much thought and large sums of money in educating college professors in the needs and opportunities in their particular fields. To be specific, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company recognizes that college professors are in a strategic position. During the last three years they have held one institute in Chicago and two in New York to which they have invited college professors whose subjects have an intimate relation to the work of the company. The conferences last two or three days. All expenses are paid. The men who attend are given an understanding of the philosophy of the organization, the opportunity which it offers college men in terms of public service and financial returns. They go back to their classrooms with practical illustrations of their sociological and economic principles and actually, if indirectly, they become recruiting officers.

Nor does business neglect what is probably the most outstanding development in the colleges in recent years, the placement and personnel bureaus. They are in all stages of development from the office with one secretary who tries to find summer jobs and teaching positions, to the office with an elaborate staff that studies the special aptitudes of the student from the day of matriculation and advises as to courses of study with a view to a future career. I quote from an annual report of the Bureau of Personnel Research of Dartmouth College:

> When the old college graduated men almost entirely for the professions, the old college accepted the responsibility of acquainting a man with these professions during his senior year and in being as helpful to the individual as possible. In the new college, *with over sixty per cent going into business,* the college has the same responsibility for providing graduates with a similar amount of information regarding business. This it does.

This bureau recently published a thesis on The Department Store as a Vocation for College Trained Men. The report says further, "The professions have already compiled such information in booklets." The professions are listed elsewhere in the same report as law, medicine, religion, and teaching.

This lack of information about social work is not due to indifference on the part of the personnel advisers. They say that many students who come to them are temperamentally much better fitted for social work than for other types of professional life, but they do not know what kind of advice to give. Business does not wait for them to inform themselves as best they can. Why should social work?

THIS brings us to the whole subject of recruiting. Who should recruit, where, and for what? It is obviously impossible for each social agency to go on recruiting for its own organization from the colleges. The colleges are becoming more and more inhospitable to outside agencies making direct appeals to groups of students. Even in colleges where this condition has not as yet been reached and a social agency is still welcome to try to skim the cream, what will happen to graduates who start in without training? The average girl who is offered a fifteen- or sixteen-hundred-dollar job immediately upon graduation will not enroll in a graduate school. The schools are finding, however, that after three or four years of work, probably much of which has been by way of trial and error, the apprentice sees that to do effective work she will need more training. She leaves the agency that has struggled with her during her green years, returns to school, and in many cases after getting only superficial professional training, returns to work with another organization.

There is a general though not complete agreement that students should be recruited for social work training. Professional schools have sprung up like mushrooms. There are now thirty-nine of them, thirty-two of which have come into existence since the war. They vary widely. Their entrance requirements range from a highschool diploma to a college degree. Thirteen of them offer undergraduate and twelve graduate degrees. (They are working on standardization of requirements for entrance, courses of study and degrees received.) Some (*Continued on page* 522)

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EDITORIALS

WHEN they struck out for independence, for liberty, justice and the rights of common men as against the arbitrary acts of courts and governors, our forefathers took pains to pay a decent respect to the opinion of mankind. Governor Alvan Fuller of Massachusetts took one step in line with their example in his public explanation of his reasons for refusing to intervene in the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. He took a second step in giving out the report of his committee of advisers. But neither his investigation nor theirs, his statement nor theirs resolved the crucial issues in the case. This is not saying that they failed of endorsement on many hands, especially among the groups socially and economically dominant in his own state. It is to be noted that their findings have been most loudly acclaimed by such as denounce the two Italians as anarchists. The men admitted this from the beginning. Governor Fuller roundly condemned the South Braintree murder. Its cold-bloodedness they have never denied. But that they were guilty of this murder they denied, and that their trial fell short of even-handed justice won them the espousal of so conservative a lawyer as William G. Thompson, of so keen and disinterested a reviewer of the case as Professor Felix M. Frankfurter. The statements of Governor Fuller and his associates failed to dispel the grave doubts, widespread throughout the world, as to the guilt of the men and as to the fairness of their trial. Rather they strengthened the suspicion that the United States in our day is no exception in the history of intolerance when it comes to executing men for their ideas. In the face of this recoil, here and abroad, in which men and women of all shades of opinion have joined [the liberals as a minor note in the solidly banked chords of radical and working-class protest], Governor Fuller has taken a third step as this issue of the Survey Graphic goes to press: granting a twelve day stay while final appeals are argued before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

Whether the state procedure, which has hitherto vested in the trial judge all discretion as to evidence as distinct from the law in case, will prove too brittle to make this more than an empty gesture, will be known before these pages are read. Nothing short of a new trial, before a judge whose prejudices are not engaged so outrageously, before a jury not bedevilled with post-war hysteria, weighing the new evidence pro and con, will clear the record. Otherwise the heritage of all Americans who cherish New England for the ideals of justice it has courageously handed down to us, will be tarnished by the blood of men who dead or alive may yet be proved innocent, and who have not been convicted in the court of mankind, nor in the minds and hearts of many an American.

A GREAT human issue like this inexorably fingers out any flaw, any weak spot, and old and bloody knot in the fabric of our institutions. Such is the case of the Massachusetts law which left it to one man, Judge Thayer, with all the limitations of human nature, with all the warping which tradition, training, emotions gave to him, to hold the lives of two men in the hollow of his prejudice for eight successive times, and to pass on whether their case should come before another court. Again, such has been the position confronting Governor Fuller. His courage in standing his ground in the face of world-wide agitation has met with outspoken praise. This is not discounted in pointing out that had his decision been otherwise it would have gone counter to the mind-set of the groups with which his associations and political fortunes are bound up. That also would have taken courage, perhaps of a finer order. He would have been denounced by some of his present acclaimers as a weakling and a renegade. His integrity, rather than his courage, hinged on his acting according to his lights. The needless, the oppressive burden upon him was that in his case also the lives of two men depended upon the judgment of one other man: and he that man. Once Sacco and Vanzetti are dead no reparation can ever be made if Governor Fuller's judgment was wrong.

BUT let us assume that the governor's decision was just as well as honest. Nonetheless there are a great many disinterested and intelligent people who firmly believe that Sacco and Vanzetti did not have a fair trial, or even further, that they were not guilty. The effect of a decision of this sort, which closes the case forever so far as the lives of the

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men are concerned, is to spread the feeling that there is no justice in the courts. Executed, with this lingering uncertainty, Sacco and Vanzetti will be a symbol of class martyrdom in class agitation for decades to come. In a case in which public opinion is bent on vengeance—say, like the Frank case—we see the worth of the legal machinery in safeguarding human life against the violence of the mob. But the legal decision in Massachusetts is more drastic than the general feeling; and the final judgment of one man means that the state must execute prisoners whose guilt is the subject of honest and reasoned doubt. Instead of strengthening respect for law and order, this outcome arouses skepticism as to the course of justice. And under the white light of a great crisis like this we see capital punishment for what it is—not an asset in our scheme of law and order but a crude and brutal survival among us from the days when men held to torture, to boiling in oil, to quartering and thumbscrews as the rightful means to suppress both crime and heresy.

A NEW phase of organized labor's long wage struggle is defined by William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor in the current issue of The American Federationist. The early fight for higher *money* wages soon became a demand for higher *real* wages—that is, an increase of income measured in terms of purchasing power. Now labor finds that "higher real wages from a social point of view do not improve the situation of the worker if productivity increases more than real wages. For higher productivity without corresponding increase of real wages means that the additional product has to be bought by others than the wage-earner. This means that the social position of the wage-earner in relation to other consumers becomes worse, because his standard of living will not advance proportionately with those of other groups." The American Federation of Labor therefore sets its face toward a higher "social wage," that is, "wages which increase as measured by prices and productivity."

The day of this policy announcement by President Green marks the beginning of the sixth month of a bitter wage struggle on the part of 200,000 bituminous miners which is frankly a fight for money wages, for "no backward step" from the wage scale of the Jacksonville agreement, terminated April 1. (See The Survey, March 15, p. 773.)

Operators in the central competitive field insist that "they cannot pay the Jacksonville scale and live." Ohio miners recently refused a "$5.00 wage scale," declaring that under the proposed scale 75 per cent of the men would earn $4.00 a day or less, and pointing out that "the operators know Ohio mine workers have been employed only an average of about 150 days a year for years past." The operators then announced that they would open their mines with non-union labor, but the United Mine Workers Journal observes that on the date set "the operators of Ohio failed to open a single mine." Coal Age reports that in Western Pennsylvania "between 10,000 and 12,000 men are working at former union mines," and that "no steps have been taken to resume negotiations in Illinois since the break late in June." In a few places, as the Fullerton Coal Co. mine at Belleville, Ill., work is going on under a temporary extension of the Jacksonville agreement.

The confusion, bitterness and human suffering that this long and futile struggle represents afford striking evidence of the validity of the president of the A. F. of L. position. No wage scale based on these factors means, as Mr. Green points out, lifting the labor movement "to an absolutely new level. Higher social wages mean betterment of the economic and social position of the worker. The modern wage policy guarantees an active but stable development of industrial society." This is not an achievement that can be "battled" for. It depends on mutual study, analysis, definition and evaluation by both parties to the agreement, the substitution of Mr. Green's principle of "labor-management cooperation" for the "fighting bulldog" tradition.

THE Mississippi flood, which swept away farmhouses, stock and the season's crops, has destroyed as well the educational program of many of the devastated communities. Fifty vocational agricultural schools in Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi have been forced to suspend because of the loss of buildings and equipment. These are consolidated rural schools and, in the case of the Negro schools, in almost every instance they are also the county training or high schools. Dr. H. O. Sargent of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, recently declared that in those communities where the flood has made planting impossible there will be no tax money with which to repair damage and to support schools.

Despite this recent set-back, gains of the past few years in rural education in the South are striking. One illustration of them appeared recently in the annual report of the Julius Rosenwald Fund. The Fund cooperates with public school authorities and citizens "in efforts to provide and equip better rural schoolhouses for the Negroes of the Southern States." For the year ending June 30, 1927, it gave aid toward the building of 545 building projects: 450 new schools, 20 teachers' homes and 66 additions to Rosenwald schools previously built. This program represents an expenditure of $2,812,718, of which the Negroes contributed 16 per cent, the whites a little more than 3 per cent, school authorities 66 per cent and the Julius Rosenwald Fund 14.6 per cent. A third of these new schools were located in states which suffered from the flood: Arkansas, 56; Louisiana, 36; Mississippi, 54.

On the basis of his experience as relief director in the delta region, Herbert Hoover stated, "The South is poor but is making amazing progress. The first great need is for Negro education." (See The Survey, July 1, p. 360.) Southern leaders are asking gravely how this need is to be met in a region which, always poor, has been further impoverished by the most destructive flood in the country's history. Only a further extension of the spirit of helpful cooperation, such as the Rosenwald Fund exemplifies, can alleviate a situation which was difficult enough before the disaster, by supplementing from more prosperous communities the gallant desire of the South to help herself.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Whither World?

THE years of confusion are passing. Since 1914 events have been too vast and too incessant for us to realize whence we came and whither we are bound. We were like sailors blindly busy from crisis to crisis of a storm with the instant safety of the ship and too driven by desperate urgency for survival to plot a course. Then came the spiritual fog in which we merely drifted. We could repeat in a daze:

> How far I wandered here I cannot say,
> Nor when nor whence by what labyrinthine way
> All that I knew was I was doomed to stay,
> Drugged with waked sleep, too deep to sigh or pray.

Now, thank God, we can shoot the stars again, write up the log, and lay a course for tomorrow. The new chart-books are being issued, and of them, I urge you to read three—two to get the mad tale of the last dozen years straight and one for a glimpse of tomorrow.

Winston Churchill in the four volumes of his The World Crisis (1914-1918) of which 1916-1918 are covered in two recent volumes, gives the best bird's-eye history of the World War. Frank Simonds in How Europe Made Peace Without America carries the tale from Versailles to Thoiry on the same sweeping lines. And Count Hermann Keyserling faces our present spirit and future hopes in The World in The Making. These books should be issued as a set (perhaps including Mark Sullivan's Our Times) to get us straight on the facts and clear our heads of confusion. They dovetail to give the whole picture; Churchill's inspired synthesis of the war years explains Simonds' orderly and judgmatical story of the peace while the despair both may engender is relieved by the stern yet challenging speculations of Keyserling.

Here are real textbooks but—for adult education! They take large and long views, almost defining the meaning of historical perspective. They are frameworks, but magnificent and comprehensible ones, with their facts and ideas hammered by good minds into residual clearness and simplicity. Churchill is brilliant, colorful and at times stately in style. Simonds gives us a marvel of order and right emphasis. Keyserling, the philosopher, depends on no professional jargon, but packs the essence of his thought into aphorisms that leave the mind busy for a day. Listen to Churchill on the German effort:

> Yet in the sphere of force, human records contain no manifestation like the eruption of the German volcano. For four years Germany fought and defied the five continents of the world by land and sea and air. The German armies upheld her tottering confederates, intervened in every theater with success, stood everywhere on conquered territory, and inflicted on their enemies more than twice the bloodshed they suffered themselves. To break their strength and science it was necessary to bring all the greatest nations of mankind into the field against them.

That is the tale in a paragraph, with the aloofness of true history.

Note how Simonds sums up an event and a man with devastating calmness in this bit on Poincaré's Ruhr adventure:

> Even when, with patent reluctance, he set out to occupy the Ruhr, he never dreamed of German resistance. He imagined that he was sending a sheriff to execute a writ. When the whole German people rose passionately and violently, when passive resistance came promptly, he was utterly amazed. The military occupation which had to follow was totally improvised and therefore was carried out with the clumsiness of a national guard manoeuvre. In all that happened subsequently, he was the victim of his own utter and complete misconception.

BOTH Churchill and Simonds should be read with current newspapers of the time before you. Then you will realize their remarkable gift of clarification and understand what has before been seen through a glass darkly. Keyserling would need to be quoted in bulk for his argument is too close-knit for piece-meal restatement. He stands for "the living soul as opposed to the concept of abstract man," and says:

> Mediaeval Christianity really understood human nature much more profoundly than does the modern age . . . . because it saw the divine or metaphysical root of human nature and its outward manifestation in this world as one whole.

He is hopeful and sane for though he believes "all traditional culture on this globe is perishing" he also says that "never since the time of the migrations of the peoples has the human race appeared so young." He labels the present age thus:

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Which type, then, embodies the modern mass-spirit? It is the chauffeur; he is the determinant type . . . . primitive man made technical. Technical endowment is closely related to the savage's gift of orientation; the technical as such is self-evident; the mastery of it evokes in man emotions of freedom and power —with greater fierceness the more primitive he is. . . . The smart American was already a chauffeur before everything else. . . . But the Fascist is nothing else than the Italian chauffeur type, the Bolshevist, the Russian; and the chauffeur type, in all its nakedness, is most surely found in the average progressive Asiatic.

It gives a kind of mental ecstacy to follow so sure-footed an iconoclast as this. It is like being taken up by an angel and shown the panorama of earth and peoples. Keyserling alone of moderns seems to me to know what he is talking about. For example, he finds in our world three combinations of unparalleled dimensions: the Anglo-Saxon revolving "not about a single focus, but like the ellipse, about two, London and New York; then Pan-Islamic, tremendously intense, but indefinite; and the Russian Soviet Union, as a center that includes almost the whole of Asia, and the break-up of which is out of the question before the liberation and reconstruction of Asia has become a complete actuality.

The spiritual factors and components of this unity can be accurately defined. The Soviet idea represents four extremely important tendencies simultaneously: the emancipation of the East from the imperialistic West; the emancipation of races and classes hitherto oppressed; the idea of technical development without exploitation; fourthly, and most important, the acceptance by the Orient of that which it has lacked hitherto: namely, the occidental striving for mastery of the earth, which we for the most part see one-sidedly as materialism.

That explains the headlines on China, and puts Borodin, Gandhi, Japan, and India in their proper relations. Keyserling's is the most stimulating book since The Education of Henry Adams.

THESE men know what they are talking about. Churchill was neck-deep in the naval, military, and political life of England; Simonds as journalist-historian saw the whole show; Keyserling went round the world to discover its spiritual weather. Each book is knit together by a thesis. Churchill defends his eastern views by attacking the "Westerners" and the war of attrition, quoting ghastly statistics to show that the Germans took three lives for every two. He gets in appraisals of men and strategy that are cruel, refreshing, and unsentimental. He even makes the Battle of Jutland clear, damning Jellicoe with praise for his policy and contempt for his spirit. He tells tales on British and French generals alike, noting that "Papa" Joffre never missed an hour's sleep. His close-up of Lloyd George is fair and informed. Simonds pictures the Welshman as the chameleon who finally blew up trying to take color from the entire map of Europe at once.

Simonds gets unity by following America from Versailles through the Washington Conference, to the Dawes Plan, and showing why and how we got out before Locarno. His plot is a struggle of England, France and the United States, with Germany, Russia, and war debts ever threatening catastrophe. The phantasmagoria of conferences takes on new meaning and that bitter subterranean struggle between England and France never so explicitly detailed as here lends tense drama. Keyserling by nature seeks unity; and finds it here in the inevitable coming of an ecumenic or world-wide spiritual union arising out of the technical age plus a new sense of soul values.

These volumes cannot be reviewed. They must be read. They cost something because they are worth something. What price wisdom? The sense of knowing roughly what happened to our hell-hit generation, the peace of mind that comes from passing out of confusion, the joy of planning again for tomorrow—even though a vastly remote tomorrow —these are beyond price. No book will save a man's soul, but these will rekindle dead fires.

LEON WHIPPLE

THE WORLD CRISIS, 1916-1918, by Winston S. Churchill. 2 vols. Scribner's. 302, 325 pp. Price $10 postpaid of The Survey.
HOW EUROPE MADE PEACE WITHOUT AMERICA, by Frank H. Simonds. Doubleday-Page. 407 pp. Price $5 postpaid of The Survey.
THE WORLD IN THE MAKING, by Count Hermann Keyserling. Harcourt-Brace. 293 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of The Survey.

Goblin-Makers

THE anatomy of "patrioteering" makes a gruesome exhibit. The bones are ignorance and the skull fear. The whole goblin is articulated by selfishness to prey upon the honest emotions of simple people. This manual of professional patriots and their associations makes this clear. This is no radical attack on true patriotism—that deep-rooted love of home and the home-land that flowers in a passionate desire to serve one's country in both peace and war. It is a rather cold scientific catalogue of these more or less artificial creations, with their organizers, leaders, backers, purposes and methods. It is not even humorous though there is scarcely anything in the world more Gilbertian and Sullivanish than some of these pompous futilities.

Consider the title to a pamphlet from the American Defense Society, Back to Barbarism: An Essay on How Reds are Rousing Negroes to Revolution. Then look at the status of the Negro. But the laugh dies when you think how fitting Back to Barbarism would be for title to a study of the lynchings of Negroes. Or take the National Security League's appeal, "Your Country is Asleep! Are You?" declaring that "Lenin fixed 1927 as the date for the proletarian revolution here." Well, it's 1927, and we are busy giving $16,000,000 for flood relief, going mad over Lindbergh, or watching Jack Dempsey's come-back. You can't get up a revolution in a nation while an automobile company can advertise solemnly in The Saturday Evening Post "This is a Two-Car Country."

But here are the societies, spinning noisily with fear. They comprise national organizations like the National Security League, National Civic Federation, American Defense Society, American Citizenship Foundation, National Clay Products Association, United States Flag Association, National Patriotic Council, Sentinels of the Republic, Military Order of the World War. Then come local organizations like the Better American Federation of Los Angeles; American Constitutional Association, Charleston, West Virginia; Military Intelligence Association, Chicago; Government Club, New York; Industrial Defense Association, Boston. Most of these center their patriotism against industrial reform—in Los Angeles against the unions, in Boston against the child labor amendment. Then follow the "personal enterprises"—what may be called vanity societies—such as United States Patriotic Society, headed by Jacob Cash, lawyer, New York; Civil Legion, Frank Comerford, lawyer, Chicago; and Women Builders of America, Mrs. William Cummings Story, New York.

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In a kind of addendum, vastly amusing, are printed what may be called the Rival Blacklists—the financial backers, editors, organizers, and officers of the patrioteers; and the public men, labor leaders, organizations, and backers of the so-called radicals. In this latter group Jane Addams and the American Civil Liberties Union have drawn the most fire, though bishops, professors, and editors are included. It is pointed out that the attack is generally made not on malcontents, already discredited and impotent, but upon those liberals who by position and prestige are able to influence public opinion.

Anatomical research reveals these marks in the professional patriotism groups. They arose generally from the World War, and are in favor of preparedness and against pacifism or internationalism. Some have a strong military intermixture. Some of the backers are in the steel or chemical business, both of which profit by war-making. They present interlocking directorates of men who serve as directors of several societies and also as directors of big corporations. They are of course anti-red and anti-Bolshevik and tend to label all liberals with these tags. Most of them, with exceptions like the National Civic Federation, are anti-union and antagonistic to industrial reforms such as the child labor amendment. They favor restricted immigration and the regimentation of aliens by courses in "Americanization." They are secretive as to their financial support, only two making reports to the National Information Bureau. They labor vigorously in the schools to rid them of the "dangerous" corruption of liberal teachers and clubs, and to instill in the children an adoration of the *status quo*. They wrap themselves in the flag and the Constitution, but interpret the Constitution for themselves. This is shown in a committee of the National Civic Federation on Limitations of Free Speech. That sounds, queerly enough, like an endeavor to undermine the First Amendment.

With great fairness, Mr. Hapgood points out that you must discriminate among your patrioteers. Some are devoted to harmless or even admirable ends such as teaching proper flag ceremonials or getting citizens to study the Constitution. Others have changed from the active instigation of the war era to a more general propaganda, as did the National Security League after a Congressional investigation revealed its close alliance with certain business interests. Many ardent souls are driven by a real if ill-informed patriotism to express their zeal in these odd ways. They believe in the bogeys that are created for them by the unscrupulous and self-interested. This seems impossible when they have been asked to believe that there were 600,000 communists, with munitions, waiting to ravage the United States about 1921. O'Neal, in his late book, American Communism, puts the maximum membership in the Communist Party in its palmiest day at some 38,000. That book ought to be distributed by some society to serve as an antidote so these fearful ones may go to sleep in peace again.

SO false, futile, bombastic, and damfoolish is much of this propaganda that we should in a sensible country like these United States be able to blow it away with a loud laugh. It does not deserve the scientific seriousness of Mr. Hapgood and his associates, but the gay satire of Cervantes and Mark Twain or even Lewis Carroll.

But things founded on fear and ignorance are dangerous even when ridiculous. However innocuous these societies are in doctrine or practice, their total effect is evil. They stifle thought and breed intolerance. They undermine the constitutional guarantees of the First Amendment. They preserve the war mood, foster chauvinism, and prepare the soil for militarism. They lay down a smoke-screen behind which selfish interests seek their own ends. They distract the mind of the people from a real scrutiny of the actual evils in their government and society, and the onerous task of betterment. They create a preying class of organizers, lecturers, pamphleteers, and pseudo-protective agents some of whom feather their nests out of the fears of both big and little men. They tend to enlist the government branches —army, navy, and police—to serve private ends and propaganda. They design to mold the minds of the young before these have attained either knowledge or judgment. They enable selfish interests to label honest labor leaders and social reformers with false brands like "red" and "unpatriotic," so discrediting them personally and hamstringing their efforts. They misdirect energies ripe for service into sterile channels. They get us laughed at by the intelligent world. They set up false ideals of life based on money psychology and the possessive instinct.

The remedy? Mr. Hapgood suggests none, nor do I. But it will be found in whatever helps destroy greed, ignorance, and fear.

LEON WHIPPLE

PROFESSIONAL PATRIOTS, *edited by Norman Hapgood from material gathered by Sidney Howard and John Hearley. A. & C. Boni. 210 pp. Price $1.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Socialism and the Modern State

THE majority of reviewers are praising this volume as the most comprehensive outline of the history of socialist thought in the English language. "In any language," adds Norman Thomas. I think Mr. Thomas does not exaggerate provided we remember that this history is not an exhaustive critique of the socialist doctrine in all its mutations, but is in the best sense, a textbook. And no group in the world, it seems, needs this kind of textbook more than the social scientist in America to add to his formal background. The vast majority of our college students, our graduate students in the social sciences including labor economics, our social workers, and even our leading academic figures know pitifully little both of socialist doctrines and their broader influence on the social movements in industrial society during the last three-quarters of a century. In academic circles it is still the ridiculous fashion to give condescending courses on the "fallacies" of Marx and Engels as though they were glorified Smith Brothers who patented doctrinal drops instead of significant figures in the history of thought and industrial democracy.

There are many reasons for this facile and rather silly attitude in American social science and reform, the chief conscious excuse being the insignificance and cultural foreignness of the official Socialist Party movement. In this view, socialism is housed in the city hall of Milwaukee, represented by one lone Congressman, and runs a seminary at the Rand School in New York.

And so we usually calmly proceed to study and to teach American labor problems almost without reference to socialist history, though in fact the American Federation of Labor has grown, as has every other social movement, on its inner struggles against its own dissident groups, all of which were in one form or another socialist. Our social

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reform movement, which in American society is really the counterpart of European social democracy and revisionism, is viewed so much as simply a philanthropic technique that its latter-day practitioners have lost all track of its social orientation. We still talk of the disparity between "socialism" and "human nature," though the State Department had to deal, during the MacDonald government, with a world half socialist. The point, of course, is that socialism can not be gauged by the electoral failures of our Socialist and Communist Parties and by the economic weirdness of the I. W. W. Socialism is the industrial democratic movement in capitalist organization. Obviously, in a very real sense, Marx and Lasalle have had a far greater influence on, say, the nonpartisan political action of American labor or even the contemporary company union than Taft or Coolidge; and the actual or putative influence of the Russian Revolution on American life may be gauged by the space our newspapers have devoted to it during the last decade.

VIEWED in this light, as a Baedecker in the complex of economic libertarianism, Laidler's volume is invaluable. He traces the psychological community between the earliest utopianism and modern "scientific" socialism. He takes us from Amos, Hosea and Isaiah and the rest of the social prophets, through Plato's Republic, through More's, Bacon's, Campanella's dreams, and the early sixteenth century utopians to the British empiricists, Hobbes and Locke, who reached somewhat firmer economic ground. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries he follows closely the transition from the more poetic utopians to the more disciplined economic realists. Saint-Simon, Fourier, Blanc, Proudhon, the Owenites, communist colonization in America—they all seem to us today fantastic enough, still they did lay the foundations of the modern social democratic movement. The "scientific" phase of socialism begins with Marx's career after 1848.

With uncanny skill of synthesis and epitome Dr. Laidler traces the whole amorphous socialist movement with all its splits, inner counter-movements, its influence on government and reform, its coloring of social politics and ethics since the communist manifesto. Each nation, being culturally unique, reacted to the social democratic movement according to its own genius. In Germany the Social Democracy tended to become more and more political and reformist. In Great Britain, too, it was reformist but more closely cooperative with the trade unions, which it refrained from dominating, and in general reflected parliamentary and social manners characteristically British. In France the labor movement grew in the syndicalist direction. In southern Europe anarchism and anarcho-syndicalism tinged the industrial struggle. In America the labor movement developed as a craft-tight, anti-intellectualist, Fabian syndicalism, which is now being more or less arrested by a conscious and extraordinarily widespread and effective counter-reformation on the part of our industrial and financial capitalism.

MY only quarrel with Dr. Laidler is his inclusion of the purely religious utopians, as against the social prophets, among the primitive socialists. The genius of Jesus and St. Augustine, no matter how many socialist sayings one may quote from the gospels and the City of God, is profoundly introvert, narcissistic and anti-socialist, and Dr. Laidler merely helps to perpetuate the absurdity of Chris-

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tian socialism. Otherwise I mean to thumb this volume as the most responsible outline of the doctrines of economic democracy.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

A HISTORY OF SOCIALIST THOUGHT, *by Harry W. Laidler. Crowell. 713 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Fascism Impeached

OF the three important nations whose systems of government were radically changed after the war—Russia, Germany and Italy—the last has suffered a revolution and possesses a hero who appeals to the romantic mind of the bourgeoisie: Mussolini, a converted radical riding forth alone and single-handed, putting to rout the skulking Bolshevist villain who would destroy us all. Besides, did not this hero cause the recalcitrant trains to run on scheduled time for the benefit of tourists? Did he not remove the fetid odors from the air of Naples? Did he not drive the prostitutes from the streets of Rome? And did he not thrill the hearts of all those "if I had my way" citizens when he persecuted the socialists, communists and liberals by discontinuing their publications, rifling their halls and silencing their spokesmen? Finally, was it not this same Mussolini who defied the decadent king? What more could one ask of a revolution and a hero!

Professor Salvemini informs us that this romantic conception of Fascism and Mussolini is a confounding myth. He avers that Bolshevism never in reality threatened Italy and offers numerous reasons and facts to substantiate his claim. Like Sturzo, he insists that the famous March on Rome was not a revolution but merely a *coup d'etat;* that the army had already agreed to desert the government before the Black Shirts congregated at Rome. Mussolini, according to Salvemini, far from being the hero he seems, is a Machiavellian opportunist, abominably clever at mob politics but at the same time a vacillating conspirator, an inconsistent thinker and a bluffer at statesmanship. Bolshevism, what there was of it in Italy, had already subsided when Mussolini arose to combat it, and economic conditions had begun to improve when he inaugurated the dictatorship. If this be true the rise of Fascism and Mussolini can be explained by the decay of the older governing class in Italy and the use of force and extra-governmental methods by the Fascists.

Salvemini is primarily concerned over the latter. (Those who wish to be informed concerning the disintegration of the governing class and parliamentarism will do well to read Don Sturzo's Italy and Fascism.) What happened between October 1920 and 1922 is described by Salvemini as a civil war which destroyed representative government, "imprisoned" the king and eliminated opposition. Thus Fascism arose not by becoming the popular party but by using the bludgeon on its opponents. The atrocities committed are carefully listed by Salvemini; indeed he has gone to great pains in searching out detailed facts concerning raids, attacks and casualties and this first volume of the history of the Fascist dictatorship is primarily devoted to evidence to prove that Fascism arose as a subversive movement.

Salvemini throws considerable light on two dramatic and significant incidents in the Fascist regime: the submission of the king and the assassination of Matteoti. With regard to the first, Salvemini asserts that the king capitulated to the Fascists because he was informed that his army would

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not remain loyal and because he was led to believe that the Fascist Duke of Aosta would assume the throne if martial law were declared and the government vanquished. Subsequently the king insured the perpetuation of the dictatorship by signing away his constitutional right to direct the military forces of the country. Matteoti's death is ascribed indirectly to Mussolini himself. "Much of the success of Mussolini is due to those qualities of leadership which he possesses in a high degree. But his chief advantage over his opponents, and one which always loads the dice in his favor, is his unscrupulous use of violence. . . . An armed party, which takes six years to dislodge its unarmed opponents, does not give the impression of possessing great intellectual and moral superiority over these opponents," says Salvemini, and the impartial observer must give assent.

Professor Salvemini's book is history but not pure and unprejudiced. He is himself a victim of Fascism, having lost his post at the University of Florence, his property and his citizenship. He now lives in exile. He speaks as a partisan, not as a pedant. But no one who knows the man can doubt the sincerity of his motives and the genuineness of his affection for the liberty-loving portion of his Italy. Nevertheless what he says and the mood with which he says it presage dark days ahead for the Italian people; reaction from dictatorship is as inevitable as the waning of moon and sun. And when that reaction arrives bitterness and recrimination will not constitute virtues.

Those of us in America who also possess a love for Italy look forward with eagerness to Salvemini's second volume which is to appear in the autumn, but we also look forward imploringly to the birth of an anti-Fascist movement which is motivated by creative ideals rather than hatred.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN

THE FASCIST DICTATORSHIP IN ITALY. Volume I. *By Gaetano Salvemini. Holt. 319 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of The Survey.*

Aye. Brothers All—

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in life can a man make friends on both banks of the river." He found out the secrets of those forests where he came across elephant burial grounds. Aye. In that country without maps, where herds still roam the Glades behind the Cameroons. Aye. 'Twas a life. Blood brother to the cannibals he became by the rites of Egbo and a hero to Nina T— white goddess in a Josh House. It is her story the Old Visitor waves in and out of the book, the romance of the priestess to Isorga. Aye. Those were the days—swapping rivers, swapping life.

The book gets most of its color and flavor from his own words, set down at the close of each chapter. It is mellow talk, it has lain long in the cask of time and it has the ripe wisdom of age. He gives us simple truths out of his real unity with Nature. "Leave it alone and it'll function properly." We get a deeper sense of the essence and growth of all life. . . . "Some get-away for the soul is necessary and that can only be found in the open, whether air or water." His own soul lost its identity in the larger life of that vast continent, to find itself "blood brother" in the black brotherhood of Man. . . . Blood brothers, all!

HALLE SCHAFFNER

TRADER HORN, *by Ethelreda Lewis. Literary Guild of America. 302 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

A Clanging Anvil

MR. STODDARD'S frantic forebodings as to the future of America are giving way to a more optimistic mood, induced in the main, it seems, by the immigration law of 1924. But the objects and methods of his propaganda remain the same. His ideals, if honestly and intelligently presented, would appeal to many Americans. The method of discussion which he and others like him have introduced into our public life already has done grave harm in lowering its tone.

For fact and reason, that method substitutes appeals to fear, to selfishness and to snobbery—all three most frequently employed to undermine the cohesion of national and racial groups; perversion of history; repetitive statement of platitude into which, by gradual steps, a different and false content is injected; innuendo and downright slander. It evades nearly all the real differences in principle and group interest which a sound debate would bring out and clarify, and nearly all the real practical difficulties.

Mr. Stoddard does not seem to know what it is to state a position contrary to his own with accuracy or moderate fairness. He distorts his factual material; he invents new and meaningless classifications as he goes along if they help to simplify his case. For example, Scots, Englishmen, Scandinavians, Dutchmen, Germans and French Huguenots are all thrown together to make up the famous "Nordic" race, the backbone of America; but French-Canadians belong to the unassimilable "new" immigration. He contradicts himself flatly when it suits his argument. Thus: "The native American was curtly given the choice of holding his job by degrading his living standards or of going 'down the road.'" (Page 150.) "The average American of

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those days had practically no idea of what was going on!" (Page 153.) In a book replete with citations he quotes not one authority occupying a reasonable middle position between his own extreme position and that of Horace Kallen. He disregards all those expert studies of recent years that have corrected mistaken assumptions as regards racial characteristics, racial instincts, racial classifications or the limits of biological inheritance, thus miseducating his readers on matters of scientific knowledge.

Not once does he openly give a motive of national, racial or personal selfishness for the measures he advocates, for he does not trust his readers to recognize the values represented by interests other than their own. Not once does he admit that the Nordic supremacy which he seeks involves the perpetual subjection of the American Negro to the interests of white America, or that the world at large has a legitimate interest in American population policy and that this interest, if persistently thwarted, may eventually lead to war.

Fortunately, the Lothrop Stoddard process of creating public opinion, while it may produce temporary success, cannot stand up against any process of real education. The objective of a Nordic white America is worth discussing; but let not those who oppose it be tempted to adopt the armory of this advocate. We can afford to remain divided and undecided as to ultimate national goals; we cannot afford to make bigotry, intellectual dishonesty and pandering to low motives the stepping stones of our national advance.

BRUNO LASKER

RE-FORGING AMERICA. *by Lothrop Stoddard. Scribner's. 389 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of The Survey.*

OPPORTUNITY NIGHT

(*Continued from page* 488)

particularly objectionable contests. Since that case the children have been instructed never to give out their names and addresses. If we cannot locate the children for witnesses, we cannot bring cases into court.

Quite recently, however, a group of determined women in a certain portion of the city by repeated protest forced one of the largest theatre corporations in the city to discontinue the contests. It became the fashion in that neighborhood to stay away from the theatre and to keep the children away when a contest was advertised. But in the face of repeated promises the children still performed. Then an imposing delegation of men and women demanded an interview with the heads of the parent corporation and a written statement was at last forthcoming that the contests would be discontinued. It was in this very theatre a week later, with the Harold Lloyd picture described being shown, that a thousand children were thrilled to the screaming point.

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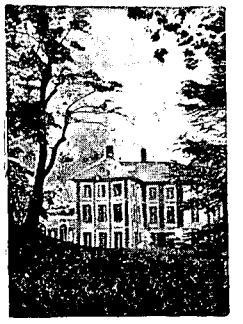

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TRAINING FOR SOCIAL WORK

(*Continued from page* 511)

schools have grown up as training departments of social agencies, others as independent schools, but the general tendency is toward affiliation with a university, as either an undergraduate or a graduate department. When the association of professional schools was formed, the members agreed that there should be included in the course of study training in community organization, case-work, research and field-work, thereby committing themselves definitely to a program of professional training.

Two professions—law and business—have struggled with this problem. In both a solution of recognized value has been attained. In 1871, the Harvard Law School was astounded by the insistence of Dean Langdell that the case-system of legal instruction be adopted. This was, in brief, a method of teaching law by requiring students to analyze legal situations and solutions, the aim being to develop a means of approach, a type of thought and a familiarity with applied principles, while leaving the student free to criticise or even reject the theory developed by counsel and courts in reaching verdict or a decision. Langdell, of course, had a mine of recorded cases to use as material, which schools of social work have not; but the theory has been adopted by the latter, especially in study of available case records.

In 1918, again at Harvard, the Graduate School of Business Administration faced a similar question. But, unlike the law, there were no available cases. Past experience was not recorded. Accordingly a plan to combine technique with study of principles was worked out, and students were sent out on jobs, to record problems, and to *bring back the record.* They were to work, to analyze and to write. After nearly a decade, this program has produced the beginning of a collected library of experience, outlines of broad principles are beginning dimly to appear, and in time business will become a science capable of professional application. Meanwhile every student is—and knows he is—a pioneer. He learns his world and at the same time assists in discovering forces in it never before understood.

While the schools, especially those of the graduate group, maintain that social work will eventually be recognized as law and medicine are today, all the social agencies do not agree. One director of a national organization suggests that each branch of social work should develop as a separate professional group, that is, that there should be professional recreation workers, professional case-workers, but that there should not be a generalized profession. To add to the general confusion, many of the agencies conduct their own training courses.

We have suggested that the present day college student is appealed to more effectually through reason than through emotion. The logical people to do this are members of the college faculty. But they cannot function in a field of which they are ignorant. Further, the student is all at sea unless there be intelligent guidance from the personnel and placement directors. They, like the professors of sociology, cannot give advice about a field of which they know nothing.

To someone belongs the task of collecting accurate statistics about conditions and opportunities in the field. A representative of a chain of department stores was able a few months ago to make the definite statement that of one hundred college men who had been with his organization for ten years the average salary is $4,000. Has social work such exact data? There is no available information as to how many men the profession can assimilate. The experience of one national agency is that there are more men than jobs, of another that there is great need of more men.

It seems to me that we can safely conclude:

That college instructors in the social sciences should be brought into closer touch with the practical field; that personnel and placement bureaus should be furnished with accurate and detailed information; that the agencies and the professional schools should be brought into closer agreement as to recruiting and training if the undergraduate of 1927 is to be persuaded to take the road to social work.

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FORTY YEARS IN KINDERGARTEN

(*Continued from page* 509)

dramatizing all adult activities—store-keeping, house-keeping transportation, and so on. Here we have a chance to relate school experience to home and community life. Those teachers who had been trained to teach the Froebelian games opposed the development of creative play with children.

"When I entered kindergarten work forty years ago, drawing was a dreary affair. Johnny began with horizontal lines one inch, then two inches, three inches, four inches, five inches long. These same lines were repeated vertically. These were followed by a group of five lines drawn diagonally. We substituted the so-called free drawing for this formal procedure. Psychologists from all over the country wrote to Louisville for the children's pictures, astonished by the observation, imagination, and technique developed through this freer expression. Today in almost any modern school youngsters revel in creating their own designs. In 1915 we began to study character development. The children's progress in group work, in independence, and so on was carefully reported to the parents.

"A hard fight for every inch gained? Yes, indeed. There has been opposition, at every turn." But Miss Hill's eyes, turned from the university campus beneath her windows to reply to me, were clear and untroubled. "When I first wanted to experiment in New York with giving children freedom in the choice and use of materials we dared not call the experiment a kindergarten or school! To avoid controversy we called it a play room. No, we could not begin such a radical experiment even in Horace Mann [the demonstration school of Teachers College]. After the play room experiment we got permission to use the courtyard and to gather together some children from two to ten years of age. We kept records of every child in the group, and we proved gradually that freedom does not mean disorder. In fact, after four years of experiment with the playground, we were invited to try the same plan of work for the kindergarten and first grade of the Horace Mann School. By that time we had the encouragement of such men as John Dewey and William Kilpatrick. They sent visitors to our playground and gave illustrations from our experiments. Our worst battles were over. Since then we have had far more help than antagonism.

"The latest development in the field has been what we call the 'measurement movement.' I believe heartily that exact scientific techniques in education will help us to a better understanding of children and their needs. I have only one reservation there. I often say to our students, 'Measure everything you can. But don't give up a thing simply because you can't measure it.' We are only fumbling with these new tools. There are values that still escape our formulas.

"There are two great divisions of teachers, you know; cookbook teachers and checkerboard teachers. A cookbook teacher sits down in the evening, measures out so much arithmetic, so much spelling, so much music, according to a pedagogical recipe and next day spoon-feeds it into his pupils. *He* calls the process education. But suppose he were getting ready for a game of chess or checkers. Would it do any good to take the board the evening before and figure out the campaign—first this move, then that move? When he sat down with his opponents he would find that the vital factor had been entirely omitted from his calculations: the reaction of the other mind.

"I tell my students that that is our main concern as teachers—the reaction of the other mind. Of course cookbook teaching is easier. But the other kind—well, from the child's point of view the other kind offers possibilities of real adventure. And for the teacher it is a lot more fun.

"It's interesting to come to a place where you stop and take stock as I've been doing this anniversary year. As I look back, I realize that great things have been happening in kindergarten and primary education in the last forty years. I think the children are happier now than they used to be, more normal in mind and body because we understand them better. But it is only a beginning we have made after all, in spite of our records and our measurements and everything—there is so much yet to do! Children—I wish I could stay in kindergarten with them forty years more!"

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On this September first, what have you resolved for the coming year? Why not promise yourself to spend that wasted half hour each day in some interesting subject outside your daily routine?

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HAMPTON INSTITUTE—Trains Negro and Indian youth for community service. Advanced courses: agriculture, builders, business, home-economics, normal. Publishes "Southern Workman" and free material on Negro problems. J. E. Gregg, principal.

HUDSON GUILD—436 West 27th Street. Dr. John L. Elliott, head worker. Non-sectarian neighborhood-house: organized to make effective in the community better ways of living and working together thru co-operative effort. Social, educational, recreational activities for men, women, and children. Health work; Athletics; Neighborhood Theatre; Mental Hygiene clinic. Supported by voluntary contributions and memberships.

JOINT COMMITTEE ON METHODS OF PREVENTING DELINQUENCY—Graham Romeyn Taylor, executive director, 50 East 42nd Street, New York. To promote the adoption of sound methods in this field, with particular reference to psychiatric clinics, visiting teacher work, and training for these and similar services; to conduct related studies, education and publication; and to interpret the work of the Commonwealth Fund Program for the Prevention of Delinquency.

LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY—Promotes a better understanding of problems of democracy in industry through its pamphlet, research and lecture services and organization of college and city groups. Executive Directors, Harry W. Laidler and Norman Thomas, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN—370 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. Clearing house for 35 women's organizations. Valeria H. Parker, M.D., President.

NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—Mrs. Robert E. Speer, president; Miss Mabel Cratty, general secretary, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City. This organization maintains a staff of executive and traveling secretaries to cover work in the United States in 1,034 local Y. W. C. A.'s on behalf of the industrial, business, student, foreign born, Indian, Colored and younger girls. It has 159 American secretaries at work in 49 centers in the Orient, Latin America and Europe.

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